

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Governor's Pardon.

"The quality of mercy is not strained.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice."

The prerogative of pardon of offenses against the law is invested in the sovereign head of the State. As representative of the wisdom, justice and mercy of the people, the Governor may open the prison gates to whomsoever it pleaseth him, and there is no power to restrain. A pardon, though obtained by fraud or mistake, is irrevocable. A mighty prerogative for good or evil, and the wise exercise of which is the most difficult, the most harassing of all the duties incumbent upon the gubernatorial office.

The granting of pardon is the most amiable prerogative of the Executive. Law cannot be framed on principles of compassion to guilt, yet justice is bound to be administered in mercy; and the Governor holds a High Court of Equity in his own breast to soften the rigor of the general law. In his sovereign character he takes into consideration the temptation

and condition of the offender, the majesty of outraged law, the interests of society, the shame and wrong done to the innocent kindred of the convict, and all the arguments and appeals of good citizens whose counsel and wishes he rightly regards. Punishment in its ordinary sense is not the purpose of the law in sending the criminal to prison. To reform his moral nature, that he may acquire strength to resist temptation; to deter others by the example of his punishment, and to restrain the evil-doer from preying on the community—these are the objects of the prison system; and to all enlightened minds the first is the most important. The barbarous ideas entertained until within the past twenty years, that the poor convict should suffer every degradation which cruelty could devise not expressly forbidden by law, have given place to humane feelings more consonant with the spirit of the times, and, under the benevolent auspices of the Prison Association of the State, many reforms have been introduced with the most gratifying results. Formerly the wretched convict had little or no incentive to good conduct and industry in his prison life. Now it is in his power to shorten his term of service, and to

earn for himself by overwork moneys wherewith to commence a new career after release. Last summer a prisoner, sentenced for fourteen years, reduced his term to ten by good conduct, and on being discharged found six hundred dollars to his credit for overwork with the warden. And not the least service done by that worthy association is the relief which that system of rewards furnishes to the Governor in the pardoning power, for we may well believe that many convicts would rather earn their discharge than petition for it.

The clemency of the Governor seems a tacit disapprobation of the laws, and this reflection oftentimes deters from giving full weight to the situation and circumstances of the offender. Certainty of punishment is the strongest and often the only restraining consideration with men contemplating the commission of crime, and it would indeed be a sorry day for the State when pardons are counted upon as the means of escaping the vengeance of the law.

But how wisely to administer this great power! In a communication to the Convention sitting at Albany last year, the Governor of New York in forcible language set forth

the difficulties and dangers which beset the pardoning power, and recommended a change in the law which would relieve his office from the responsibility and labor, and conferring the trust upon a Commission with which fraud and unworthy practices could not so successfully be practiced. But the Convention did not comply, save in recommending an amendment that the Legislature may make laws relative to the manner of applying for pardons, leaving the prerogative solely, as now, with the Governor, which, we may add, is consistent with the opinions of many ex-Governors of the various States.

In view of the statistical fact that not one-tenth of the discharged convicts return to the prison for a second offense; taking into account the infinite variety of moral and emotional conditions of mankind; that some are innocent of the crimes imputed to them; that some conduct themselves so well as never to draw upon them a word of censure, while others are continually transgressing—when these things are considered, we readily see how unjust it would be to regard all criminals alike. And here we might cite instances of the cruel injustice of the French laws, which do not admit the fallibility



MIDNIGHT GATHERING OF A "RED STRING LEAGUE," IN THE FORESTS OF NORTH CAROLINA.—SEE PAGE 115.

of courts of justice, and condemn the wretched innocent to his full term of imprisonment, though the whole world knows he has been wrongfully convicted. The fear of weakening the public faith in the wisdom of the verdict of a jury operates with the legislature and the sovereign, and in vain are all appeals for justice or the interposition of mercy, after conviction.

In a case of mistaken identity in the criminal court at Orleans, a respectable citizen was convicted of highway robbery on the resolute testimony of two women, and sentenced to execution. Before the fatal day arrived over-whelming evidence of the prisoner's innocence was furnished to the court and officers who had prosecuted, but their earnest endeavors with the legislature and crown failed to save the victim. There are to-day in the galleys and prisons of France many men whose innocence of the crimes of which they stand convicted is well known to the authorities, and a peculiar case of hardship is that of a son, who, eighteen years ago, was sentenced for life for the homicide of his father. He had always denied his guilt and was convicted wholly on circumstantial evidence. Five years ago a wretch under sentence of death confessed to the crime for which the former had been innocently suffering for thirteen years, and the truth of the confession was corroborated beyond all question; and yet that miserable man is still in prison, and, for the good of the State and that the public trust in the infallibility of the law should not be disturbed, will die the death of a criminal in prison. In some cases of well-established error of verdict the prerogative of the crown has been exercised to the extent only of mitigating the severity of the prison discipline. Such a policy has never obtained in England, where the crown always interposes on the recommendation of the Home Secretary, who is instructed by the presiding judge on the trial.

The fallibility of juries and the errors of law are so familiar to Americans, that it is not uncommon to encounter citizens who, after having served a short portion of their term of sentence in prison, are, by the Governor's prerogative, restored to liberty and their former pursuit in society. We have in mind now the case of a gentleman who, not twenty years ago, was, by a singular concurrence of circumstances and the evidence of a witness who was mistaken as to identity, convicted of a high crime and sentenced to Sing Sing prison. Within a month he was released by the Governor on most conclusive proofs of his innocence, confidentially disclosed to the Governor, which, if offered on the trial, would have insured an acquittal, and would also have scandalized and ruined persons dearer to the unfortunate man than liberty and reputation. Not three years have elapsed since the citizens of New York were surprised and rejoiced at the conviction and imprisonment of a notorious mock auctioneer who for a long time had evaded all attempts of the authorities to arrest his dishonest career. To the astonishment and disgust of the city, in less than six months the scoundrel was seen, as of old, enjoying the pleasures of Central Park on an equality with the best citizens! And the announcement in the newspapers that the discharged convict publicly declared that his pardon cost him sixteen thousand dollars did not serve to allay the clamor against the Governor. It has since transpired that the pardon was granted on the authority of the District Attorney and Judge who tried the rascal that the conviction was technically illegal, and would and should be annulled in a court of review. General bad character, the public notoriety of his evil practices, had prevailed with the jury over all the legal arguments of his lawyers, who, when their client was in prison, very easily earned his sixteen thousand dollars, by simply mailing to the Governor the official certificate of the irregularity of the conviction, on which he was bound to discharge him. It is often expedient not to enlighten the public as to the causes moving the Executive to the exercise of his prerogative; and when it is remembered that he is importuned in no less than four hundred cases annually, each one by the petitioners represented to be more pressing and more deserving than another, how can he possibly escape committing errors? Had he no other duties, these surely would call for ten times as much care as he could give them, and even then there would be no mode of guarding against the arts and deceptions employed in such applications. The District Attorney of New York city, who declares himself "as big a political hater of Governor Fenton as lives," does him the justice to say that "he has made but two blunders in granting pardons, and they are such as any Governor might have made under the circumstances." A distinguished philanthropist, once a Prison Inspector, told the writer that his attention was directed to a convict who had for many years conducted himself so well that even the stony-hearted keepers were inclined to befriend him. For six months the Inspector had his eye on this convict, and being persuaded of his thorough reform, obtained from

the Governor his pardon, and on a Sabbath morning in the prison chapel after service, addressed the convicts, and when he announced he had the pardon for that one who to him seemed most deserving, and called out his name, with unanimous voice the assembly applauded the selection, however so much each one wished it had been his own good fortune. Ere six months elapsed, that pardoned criminal returned to the same prison for a second offense.

A renewed effort for the release of Edward B. Ketchum, who pleaded guilty to a hundred forgeries, has lately evoked unusual interest on the subject of the pardoning power. A great number of the best citizens united in a warm appeal to the Governor, pleading the irreproachable character of the prisoner before he committed these his only offenses, his youth, his penitence, his good conduct in prison, and moreover, much credible proof of his unsound mind at the time of the commission of the crimes. With a Spartan heroism unusual in these softer times, the Governor, having well considered the case a second time, for most excellent and sufficient reasons is constrained to refuse the petition, regretting, doubtless, full as much as any petitioner, that, in virtue of his oath to do justice, he cannot in such a case interpose mercifully. Alas! there are betimes offenses which cannot be forgiven if the State shall stand; when the Governor must, as Justice, be blind, and stifling every impulse of humanity, be the relentless, un pitying defender of outraged law!

Base and most reprehensible, then, are they who ascribe unworthy motives to the Executive in the discharge of this most ungracious office, and well may we suspect the political purposes of those men and newspapers who seize such an occasion for virulent attack of an officer of their own elevation. It would seem that, meditating desertion of the Republican party, they are seeking to manufacture for themselves reasons for their apostasy.

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NEW YORK, MAY 9, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

National Photographic Union.

PHOTOGRAPHY is both an art and a science, and has risen to the dignity of a profession, engaging the attention of some of the best minds of both hemispheres. For a long time it was classed among the empirical arts, and was practiced chiefly by broken-down mesmerizers, dilapidated phrenologists, and country writing-masters. Perhaps there are too many of such characters among its professors now, but on the whole they are men of intelligence and respectability, occupying honorable positions in society, while many of them are real men of science, and artists in the best sense of the word. Their business, in one form or another, has grown to be a leading interest in the country, claiming, as it ought, the attention and protection of government. It sustains several valuable periodicals, and it has a permanent literature of its own.

During the past month there met a "National Photographic Convention" in this city, the proceedings of which we have before us in the shape of a supplement to that very excellent and tasteful periodical, the *Philadelphia Photographer*. Had an equal number of Spiritualists, or disciples of the bestial religions which Mr. Hepworth Dixon has celebrated, met here, or a dozen iron-mongers or currency-tinkers, the daily press would have recorded their doings and sayings with disgusting or wearying minuteness; but of this convention it said not a word. Yet the objects the convention met to accomplish were important, not alone to the large class of photographers and manufacturers of photographic materials, but to the public, on whom the cost of all unjust exactions must ultimately devolve.

It appears incidentally, in the proceedings, that there are upward of 5,000 photographers proper in the United States, which implies that there must be at least four times as many more people engaged in the manufacture of chemicals, cameras, lenses, etc.—say 25,000 in all. Now it seems that a Mr. Cutting, long since dead, and long past realizing any advantage from his invention (if it really could be regarded as such), secured years ago a patent for introducing bromide as an agent in photography, although it had been used as an agent years before. Mr. Cutting seems to have been sensible of the fact that he had no just claim to the so-called invention, and never undertook to enforce his patent. But some persons (whose names we do not know), but presumably of the *shyster* persuasion, got hold of the patent for a song, and commenced a raid on the photographers of the country, among whom the use of bromide had come to be regarded as an undisputed right, and compelling them to become tributaries of the unknown persons

aforsaid, except at risk of defending tedious and costly suits. How much was wrung from the Children of the Sun we know not. But it seems the patent expires soon, and the *shysters* are seeking to have it extended, precisely as the "heirs and assigns" of Elias Howe are seeking to do regarding that deceased gentleman's wonderful invention of putting the eye of an needle in its middle instead of at one end.

To this the photographers naturally and rightly object, and to organize in opposition to this movement was a leading object of the recent convention. We are happy to see that on getting together the advantages of a permanent organization were recognized, and that henceforth the great and beneficent principle of association will prevail among them. They are numerous and respectable, and ought to assert their dignity, and act as a body for the protection of their rights.

As we said at the outset, the race of dabblers who took up photography, mainly because they could do nothing else, and who made the taking of one's photograph an alternative only less horrible than that of having one's life taken, at least to any one with the slightest appreciation of art, is now nearly extinct. Men of science like Mr. Casey Lea, men of artistic genius like Mr. Sarony, men of business capacities, capable of commanding success in any pursuit in life, like the Anthonys, and men of wealth and taste like Mr. Hull, find an honorable career or a gratifying resource in photography. Astronomy makes it her handmaid; it assists the sculptor and the painter; it aids the engineer, and is a necessity to the naturalist and the traveler. It has a right to rank among the useful as well as the fine arts, and its professors should see to it that it suffers no derogation at their hands. It rests with them to make the designation of photographer as honorable and respected as that of author, sculptor or painter. We wish success to the "National Photographic Union."

The London Police.

SOME time since the *London Telegraph* demanded that the police system of that city should be completely remodeled. It called attention to the fact that since the present system was adopted in 1829, the population has increased fifty per cent. Of course the number of policemen has also been increased, and some changes have been made in the organization of the force, but these have not been always for the better. Other and important changes are required to render the force equal to the care of so great a city.

In the first place, a capable head is needed. Theoretically the Secretary of State for the Home Department directs the police, but in practice it is only on great emergencies that this functionary appears on the scene. In calm weather, when Fenians and Reform Leagues make no sign, the Commissioner of Police need fear no interference from the quarter of the Home Office. This commissioner is Sir Richard Mayne; a man of wide experience, and conscientious in the discharge of his duty, but of a great age. The *Telegraph* says the commissioner should be "in the prime of life, and in the full vigor of his faculties, as energetic as an officer of Indian Irregulars, as sharp-sighted as the manager of the Union Bank, as prudent as the commander of a Cunard steamer, and as plucky as Captain Shaw."

If the *Telegraph* be right, Sir Richard Mayne cannot resign too soon.

Another reform has been suggested. The inspectors and superintendents are now in a large proportion of cases selected from the ranks of the force. It is thought that the tone of the force would be raised by filling these offices with men of more education and social standing. The fact that ex-officers of our volunteer army are now officers in the police of this and other cities is quoted, and held up as an example for imitation. Both officers and men, it is further said, are underpaid. Assuming that there is a ratio between the amount of pay and the quality of work, it is urged that no great increase in the efficiency of the force can be expected until a more liberal policy is adopted.

The present force is too small. The metropolitan district comprises seven hundred square miles. To guard this thickly peopled district, seven thousand policemen are employed. Not more than three thousand five hundred are on duty at any given moment. This would give five policemen for every square mile of territory. In these days of Fenian alarms, the police have orders to walk in couples after dark. We can readily comprehend, with these facts before us, why the city of London is not as quiet and well-ordered as could be wished. To have order, she must increase the number of policemen, and of police stations. A horse patrol has been suggested. The *Telegraph* thinks it would do no harm to set up in the worst quarters of the city police guard-houses, or bignones, after the Russian pattern. We commend this last suggestion to the attention of Mr. Kennedy.

Matters and Things.

NOVA SCOTIA is by no means content under the new order of things in the "New Dominion," and threatens secession. Its leading journal states that the province loses \$622,000 annually by the new relation. The new tariff is hateful to the people. A tax of twenty-five cents per barrel has been laid upon flour and corn meal, the poor man's food, while some articles of luxury are admitted under light imposts or free. The stamp act is particularly hateful. It imposes stamps on all bills, drafts and newspapers, and people are actually giving up newspapers to avoid paying the tax. In fact, the stamp act is disliked nearly as much as that stamp act which led to the revolution in our thirteen colonies. The population of Nova Scotia is about 350,000, so that the province ranks third in the Confederacy.—The eclipse of the sun on the 18th of August next will be total in India, and thither, accordingly, the astronomers of the world will flock to make their observations of the phenomenon. The darkness will be very long, lasting more than six minutes, and varying by a few seconds according to the localities.—A number of ladies and gentlemen of London and other places are projecting a Woman's College, somewhere between the capital and Cambridge; in which institution the girls are to have the customary education of boys with the addition of those branches more peculiarly suited to their sex. The cost is estimated at \$150,000.—In London they are erecting a Workingmen's College, which is "a chalk beyond" the notions of our own better paid mechanics and artisans.—One happy result of the impeachment and conviction of the President will be to relieve the country of "the Old Man of the Sea," that venerable public functionary, Gideon Welles, who flourished in the Grant-Johnson correspondence as one of the President's endorsers, and he is known to be one of Grant's principal revilers. He has various reasons for his zeal. In the first place, Gideon draws \$3,000 per annum for signing his name and being called Secretary of the Navy. Then his hopeful son draws nearly \$3,000 more as chief clerk to his ancient "papa," while another hopeful son draws his thousands as Secretary to Admiral Farragut, and travels at the public expense. The naval service is a goose that lays several golden eggs for this happy family.—There are now published in Great Britain, 1,324 newspapers, distributed as follows: England—London, 253; Provinces, 751—1,004. Wales, 49. Scotland, 132. Ireland, 124. British Isles, 15. Of these there are 58 dailies published in England, one in Wales, 12 in Scotland, and 13 in Ireland, and one in the British Isles. The magazines now in course of publication, including the Quarterly Reviews, number 621, of which 219 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities.—Paris is the paradise of workmen, at least in one respect. If his wages be small, relatively, his dinner costs infinitely less than in any other city. Near the Barrière du Maine is a restaurant called "La Californie," in the midst of a very poor population. This establishment has gradually swallowed up all the smaller ones in the neighborhood, and now consumes an ox and two barrels of wine, with bread and vegetables in proportion, every day. There is accommodation for 900 persons at one time, and in the evening, when all the long tables, both in the halls and in the garden, are filled, the sight is most picturesque. Every man waits upon himself, and, on entering, walks up to a large semi-circular counter, obtains his plate of meat and vegetables (and there are half a dozen different kinds of each), a half litre of wine, and a piece of bread, for about 11 cents in all. He then has a knife given him, and himself carries his dinner to table. After dinner many take a cup of coffee, which may be had for 2 or 3 cents.

"WHAT CHEER" is the name of a hotel in San Francisco, as well as of a block of houses in Providence. Putnam's *Monthly* says of it:

"All is done for cash, and your bed is paid for before you get into it. A large restaurant supplies four thousand meals a day, at prices from 15 cents upward, and consumes daily as follows: Eggs, 100 dozen; sugar, 1 barrel; butter, 100 pounds; flour, 3 barrels; potatoes, 600 pounds; beef, pork, mutton, lamb, and fish, 700 pounds; raisins, 2 boxes; pies, 150; turkeys and chickens, 400 pounds; milk, 400 quarts. Ample means are provided for you to black your own boots free; and the library of 5,000 volumes is open to all. There is no bar. The house has one more peculiarity—no women are allowed within it; the servants are all men, and no man's wife can sleep with him at this house. It pays at the rate of \$30,000 to \$40,000 per year."

SENSATIONALISM in fiction has not so much been written down as written out. People have not so much protested against it as turned away from it in sheer weariness. The time was when every aspiring novel-writer seemed to consider a course of cramming from the Police Reports and the records of divorces a necessary part of his or her education. That time is now, in great part, past. These two delightful sources of inspiration were very soon exhausted, and all but a few of the old hands gave up working at the worn-out vein. No doubt, if a novel were published to-morrow containing any amount of horrors and morbid portraiture, it would be received as enthusiastically as ever, provided only that it possessed the indispensable charm of novelty. However carefully got up in other respects, a sensational novel, properly so called, to be successful, must contain something new of its kind. Abstaining as it does from any attempt to enlist the sympathies of the reader by truthfulness of observation and fidelity of description, its simple object is to excite and astound. Unfortunately for authors, an ordinarily intelligent person is not to be excited or astounded in precisely the same manner for an indefinite number of times. The providers of our sensational fiction have most of them failed to perceive this, and have gone on describing murders, bigamies, and forgeries, forgeries, bigamies, and murders, until at length

these crimes have become about the most commonplace acts that a hero or heroine can perform.

CERTAIN blue-stockings and milliners, it is said, have organized a club in this city. The *Times* hopes "they will make a fine thing of it, love one another, and magnify each other's virtues." The *Herald* has got hold of their bill of fare, and thinks that "lemon ice, lobster salads and jelly cakes" are rather incongruous ingredients for a feminine stomach. Cigars and coffee go well together. What games are allowed is not known, nor the "limit" in betting, nor whether the doors are to be shut precisely at midnight. The present Club House is said to be next to the New York Club, where the "swells" most do congregate. It is proposed to change to Mercer street, where there are several old and appropriate club houses.

THE most simple and convenient portfolio for filing newspapers that we have seen is that invented and patented by J. C. Clark, of Jersey City, for the sale of which the American News Company are the agents. It is called "Clark's Temporary Binder," and is really a most serviceable article for those who wish to preserve papers, and have them at the same time accessible for reference. This "Binder" is so much more desirable than the heavy and unwieldy articles that have been heretofore in use for the same purpose, that there can be no doubt of its becoming a popular institution so soon as its merits become generally known.

DEPARTED AND DEPARTING STARS.

DURING the past week Mr. Chas. Dickens has quitted the shores and people he has been studying for the last few months at their own expense, with his pockets filled with their money, and we regret to say, his feet afflicted with his own gout. Upon Saturday week he attended a dinner given to him at Delmonico's by a portion of the Press, the chair of which was taken by Mr. Horace Greeley, listened to various speeches and made one, which we have certainly a right to accept as some sort of an apology for that which a considerable portion of our countrymen regarded as offensive in his "American Notes." We have heard it said that Mr. Dickens did not visit the West from fear of the effect the presence of the author of "Martin Chuzzlewit" might have upon the native population. But this we do not believe. He has been sufficiently West to prove the absurdity of any such dread, and in addition possesses quite sufficient of the "Boul-dogue Britannique" in his composition to have gone there, supposing it had been justified by facts. Fortunately, the American is unanswerable to the charge of discourtesy to distinguished foreigners upon his own shores. As annoyed by any of them—he would simply let them severely alone—in such a case as that of Mr. Dickens, annually the worst punishment.

He has been succeeded in Steinway Hall by Fanny Kemble, who has renewed the triumphant success she achieved a few weeks since in the same building. It may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that one of our leading managers has made Mrs. Kemble a magnificent pecuniary offer to return to the stage. This was necessarily declined by her, as the receipts from her Readings are sufficiently large to satisfy her, and the attention she receives from the Press while engaged in them are more than enough to gratify the most inordinate vanity of any artist. What, therefore, could induce her to reappear behind the foot-lights, after so long eschewing theatrical glory? This week, at her last Reading for the season in New York, she gives the public a variety of poems—selections from Milton, Scott, Wordsworth, Longfellow, and Whittier. One of the pieces she reads is styled *anonymous*—"The Boat of Grass"—and has been attributed to Mrs. Kemble's own pen. We understand that it is not written by herself, but by her married daughter—also a lady of great ability. When first published in—we believe—the *Bulletin*, a Philadelphia journal, it created a profound and very justifiable sensation.

The great German tragedienne, Fanny Janaschek, is giving her farewell performances in New York, at the Academy of Music, during which she appeared in two new characters—*Phaedra* and *Elisabeth*. In spite of the repellent nature of the first, it has ever been a favorite character on the French stage, from the immense variety of histrionic emotion it enables the actress who embodies it to develop. It was one of Rachel's greatest characters, and in the hands of Ristori lost but little of its power. It is needless to say that Janaschek will fully equal the first artist in her embodiment of this part. Of her *Elisabeth* we intend to speak next week, as it has been such a pronounced success upon the American stage in both Italian and our own language. We presume that it will not be a version of *Gismonda* in tragedy, as there is a much finer German play of the name, although it may be dubious whether it will suit the present sensational taste of our public as thoroughly as the Italian's drama and Mrs. Lander's admirable version of it have done.

In mentioning Mrs. Lander, we may state that she has closed her present season, in the outer country, after the benefit which she gave during the past week to Mr. Brough's widow, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which we are happy to say was a complete success.

ART GOSSIP.

STROLLING now and then through the galleries of the Academy of Design, we make our observations without reference to the sequence of the catalogue, but rather in the form of random notes.

A very pleasant landscape is "Compton Hollow," 345, the only picture contributed by Mr. A. F. Bellows to this year's exhibition. It is an idyl of early autumn, recalling those bright and balmy days of lingering summer with which our capricious climate endeavors to atone for its two frequent fragrances.

There are some excellent qualities in the "Portrait of Professor Charles Anthon, LL.D.," 385, by Mr. J. W. Ehninger. We are not certain that the best expression of the late famous classical scholar has been seized by the artist, but this may readily be accounted for by the fact that the portrait was painted from photographs. Few artists could have treated the drapery better than Mr. Ehninger has managed it in this picture. The casting of the folds, as well as the sheen of the silk and satin, is admirable.

Mr. J. G. Brown sends but one picture to the present exhibition. "Hide and Seek," 417, is one of those subjects which the artist seems to treat with so much real zest—a couple of pretty children, playing about the stems of stately trees. The flickering lights that fall through the openings of the foliage are rendered with much truth and knowledge of effect.

We fear that Mr. C. C. Coleman, in his "Italian Landscape, with Monks," has fallen into an affection similar to that which had become a vice in some of the pictures painted by Mr. E. Vedder for some time previous to his departure for Europe. The rigid, austere tree forms, with their cold black shadows, are not suggestive of anything that is pleasing in nature. Mr. Coleman has several pictures in the galleries, some of them possessing considerable merits, and of these we shall speak after we have had an opportunity of judging fairly of them.

Mr. E. Tenny, whose name is new to us, is, we understand, a young artist of this city, who for some

time past has been pursuing the study of art in Europe. Here we have from his pencil a "Study of an Old Head," 216. Judging from the power displayed in this production—which has the air of a copy, however—we should say that in portrait-painting Mr. Tenny would be likely to make his mark. His "Old Head" is one that brings reminiscences to us, though we cannot just now "place" it. Whether original or otherwise, however, it is painted in a broad and vigorous manner, that shows confidence and power on the part of the artist.

A singular picture, and one the effect of which is far from agreeable at the first glance, is "The Fleeter's Wife," 70, by Mr. Oliver J. Lay. Like all of Mr. Lay's productions yet seen by us, the idea contained in this picture is too strong for the performance. A lone woman, haggard and wind-tossed, is walking upon the beach of a very formal and ideal sea—the "painted ocean," for instance, upon which the "painted ship" of the Ancient Mariner might have lain so idly. There is a deal of dramatic power in the expression and action of the coarse, masculine woman, but the picture is sadly marred by deficiencies in nearly all the technicalities by which the subjective in art requires to be interpreted. That Mr. Lay will do much better than this in the future, we should be sorry to doubt.

An excellently painted portrait is that one by Mr. J. O. Eaton, numbered 460. All who are "in the ring" of art and literature, and many who are not, will easily recognize this as the presentment of Mr. Frank Bellows, so well known in the circles of journalistic and artistic men about town. The likeness would be a perfect one, but for a certain curl of the upper lip—an expression which the habit of Mr. Bellows to wielding the satirical pen and pencil has not yet, so far as we are aware, imparted to his features. This portrait is rich and truthful in color, and it is painted with a bold and sweeping hand.

Five studies from forest scenery by Mr. A. B. Durand, numbering from 444 to 448, inclusive, are the very best productions that we have seen in a long while from the pencil of the Nestor of American landscape-painters. The forms of the trees, with their bark, mosses and forest accessories generally, are given with admirable skill and feeling.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

THE great debate on the Irish Church has at last ended, and in a manner adverse to the Government. Credit must be given to the parliamentary tactics of the leader of the Tory party, as the proposed amendment of Lord Stanley gave the Government the weather-gauge of the conflict, the right of reply, and the power of shelving the question. But the Liberal party, which had been routed so long, became united, and the adverse vote presages unfavorably for the continuance of the Disraeli. The Irish Church will infallibly be disestablished, if not immediately, at all events in a short time; and as a necessary consequence, the Kirk of Scotland and Church of England. The only alternative is the establishment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, a point up to which the public mind is not yet educated. The Kirk of Scotland is much weakened by the accession of the Free Kirk, and the Church of England nearly outnumbered by Dissenters, so that there is some prospect of a "disestablishment" of all three churches. But the civil as well as religious interests are powerful, and the transfer of the Irish Establishment to the Roman Catholics would be less obnoxious than its abolition to many interests. Even those who propose its disestablishment consider the moment inopportune, and that it will alienate the only party really attached to the Union with England.

Several attempts were made to arrest progress by having the Act of Union and the Coronation Oath read; but, practically, they will have no weight in the matter, as at the time of the Union the Irish Parliament was entirely Protestant. As to the Coronation Oath, that is a "provisional" agreement between the crown and the people; and if the people, in whose favor it is made, no longer require it to be kept, they or their representatives can give the crown "plenary absolution," without the benefit of the clergy. The significant fact is the beginning of the end, as the Irish Church is not the only worn-out institution that will go. Others begin to expect their turn, and in a few years will no doubt disappear. The Upper House, for example, is very shaky, and the necessity for some change is evident, and already commented upon strongly. The young peers cease to attend, and the old ones who do the benches might all be squeezed into a committee-room. It is chiefly distinguished as a court of appeal, for its political influence has utterly sunk, and no one cares for "what is said in the Lords." The House has abolished the use of proxies, i.e., of blank forms sent, signed, to the leaders of the rival factions, which dispensed with the personal attendance of a peer, who was not only not required to understand, but not even to hear any question that came before the House, if inconvenient to his pleasures or comforts. Hence the Minister "of the day" formerly sat with a pocketful of proxies, irrespective of all the arguments or oratory that might be used. Proxies, however, are gone for ever—whether that will restore attendance is yet to be seen.

Corporal punishment in the army is abolished—the favorite "cat" of the officer, as the scourge was called, is dismissed. The higher authorities gave it up with reluctance, and call for some stringent substitute to enforce discipline. Hard labor in the civil prisons might be easily given here, and something prompt and decisive on foreign service. It was a degrading mode of punishment, introduced when men were serfs, and maintained as long as they were subjects.

Weatherill, the murderer, has been executed; he died "game," and repented not his crime. His love toward his sweetheart, Sarah Bell, showed itself in the most frantic manner, and exhibited a touch of insanity. Their interview was most pathetic, and it is not possible to withhold a spark of compassion toward a "love-struck youth," ruffian as he was.

A clergyman here, named Crauford, has married a "domesticity." This has annoyed his parishioners, and accordingly he preached a sermon against them, praising the object of his choice, ridiculing the pretensions and superior sentimentality of the wives and daughters of his flock. The tirade was listened to in silence, and will no doubt be repaid in "cockle." Amongst other things, Crauford stated that he was the son of the celebrated Peninsular general of that name, and descended from the hero Wallace, and that his daughter had been insulted by the offer in marriage of some parishioner. Altogether, there was a strange mixture of spleen and vanity in the sermon, which has amused more than chilled the public. A man may marry whom he likes, and there is no necessity to announce anything but the banns from the pulpit.

There is to be a grand review of 52,000 volunteers at Portsmouth, but some discontent has arisen, as the "sham" soldiers are not to have a "sham" fight. They are merely to march past the fortifications and take possession of the public-houses and hotels of Portsmouth. The railway arrangements are also defective, and cannot throw the gallant army quickly enough on the coast. The volunteers are not well pleased with the Portsmouth people, and unless the programme is altered, will not go down to salute the forts.

It is at length decided that the Natural History Collections of the British Museum shall be removed to South Kensington. A bill for the purpose is concocting, and the plans of a new museum preparing. The new building will cost £750,000, and will not be "built in a day." The Antiquaries have driven out the Zoology. It remains to be seen if the Parliament will endorse the project. In the meantime ninety-six cases of Greek marble, chiefly inscriptions from Ephesus, have arrived at the British Museum. There are amongst them some

pieces of sculpture, but they are of no merit. The excavators at that site have discovered the former position of the Temple of Diana, but neither the Diana nor celebrated maion. Mr. Slade, a rich collector of ancient glass and prints, has just died and bequeathed his collections to the British Museum. They are estimated at £8,000. He has left also a fund to purchase more. Besides the collections, Slade had expended £3,000 on the printing of a work with plates of his collection of glass. This work will appear shortly.

The Abyssinian expedition drags its slow length along. It is a perilous enterprise, as the country is destitute of resources, and consequently difficult to penetrate. Theodore is said to have lost 10,000 men in the attack on Magdala. The one fact is, that the latest news from this country always comes from the New York journals, a mystery which is not quite penetrated. As the army has had too little food in fine weather, there is great danger of its having too much water in the rainy season. The country is pronounced hopelessly sterile, and the nation perfectly venal and priest-ridden to excess.

The mission of Prince Napoleon has ended, and Marshal Niel is drilling his new levies. They do not seem to like it, and the arms, after exercise, are to be taken charge of by the drummers, as they might prove prematurely dangerous in the hands of the Garde Mobile. Already there have been several *démarchés*, the Maréchal has been sung to astonishment if not admiring mobs, and the empire, for the moment, is not so popular as it was. France is making a "galvanic spasm" for military supremacy, and Prussia and the Rhine provinces are expected to be the object of her attack. But the Eastern question, the unsolved riddle of the European Sphinx, underlies all. The Schleswig-Holstein arrangements are not complete, Denmark and Prussia cannot agree. This is feared will be the cause of trouble, and Schleswig-Holstein has been predicted to be the future cockpit of Europe. Russian interests lie dormant—he like the weasel, with one eye open, under this Schleswig-Holstein quarrel, and may prove troublesome at a future day, as the keys of the Baltic are at the present moment in the hands of Prussia. Bismarck has said German difficulties are of no importance to France. The first cannon fired, all Germany will combine, and France will have her hands full; the days of dynastic interests and Confederations of the Rhine have passed away. The thrones are crazy enough without culling in the aid of Jupiter or his eagles on the other side of the Rhine. Probably the friendly relations existing between Prussia and the United States will aid in keeping the peace for the present.

There has been a persecution of Jews in Roumania. The modern persecutions of the Jews are not so intense as the medieval ones, when they extracted their teeth and their money at the same time, so a modern persecution is much cry and little wool. It consists in social and commercial restrictions, which are not entirely relaxed in Europe. In Prussia the bureaucracy will not admit Jews; in some of the minor States of Germany they have begun to hold offices, but as a general rule they are not employed. All admit their talents; none believe their patriotism, they are something in each state not exactly belonging to it. The Roumanian persecution has set Austria at work, and, in common with some of the other powers, protests. This is a kind of set off against the everlasting complaints of Russia about the Christian subjects of Turkey, as it records the Christian wronging of the Israelites. Austria too, is uneasy at the suppression of Poland, and has established a telegraph along her frontier to keep a sharp lookout on what is moving in Russia. The Pope is said to have been ill, but has recovered; he has declared that his heart is grieved with a cardinal and an archbishop. And, as mentioned in a former letter, is supposed to be the cardinal, and is no doubt the Pope of the future of the Liberal party. The Archbishop of Paris is said to be the bishop, but what he has done is not so apparent.

In the meantime, a Bonaparte has obtained the honor of the "bat," and rode with his Holiness in his carriage. He looks like the adopted successor, and will no doubt be the future French candidate, as Andrea, the Italian, for the triple crown. Italy, in the meantime, is in a financial crisis, and is to have a grinding tax, with a metre at the wheel to register the revolution. What is required for the Peninsula is repose, more industrial pursuits and less shows and demonstrations. *Fidis* and pageants, and huge armies and large bureaucracy are eating her up. There is no reason why Italy should not have her share of the world's commerce if she will only go in for it.

The rate of postage between England and America is still too high; one ton of letters is 71,680/100 ounces; this at 2d. per half ounce, 135,360 pence, or twice as many cents, and £239 or \$3,118 per ton, and for putting them on board a steamer and carrying them across the Atlantic. Pretty good freight, I guess. 1d. per half ounce would pay splendid.

Midnight Gathering of a "Red String League," in the Forests of North Carolina.

THE negroes, if not an inventive, are certainly an imitative race. While the Ku Klux Klan are fulfilling their mysterious mission, the freedmen are not quietly offering themselves up as submissive victims of those midnight terrorists. They, too, have their secret organizations, their midnight gatherings, their mystic rites and mummeries, their wild and weird solemnities in the dark recesses of the Southern forests. In fact, Sambo is by nature and education peculiarly adapted to that kind of work. He has the advantage, too, of a firm faith in supernatural agencies, and believing implicitly in the efficacy of the charms and incantations with which he seeks protection for himself and injury to his enemy, he becomes the blind and obedient slave of the secret order to which he belongs. He is sincere in his Fetish worship; his Obi commands, and he obeys.

About a year ago the Red String Leagues were organized throughout the South; and now, it is said, they are established in every district, forming an association, it not powerful for open mischief, at least dangerous in its secrecy and in the ignorance and superstition of its disciples. Like the Ku Klux Klan, the Red Stringers have their signs, tokens and mystic emblems. The badge of recognition is a red string, concealed about the person, but which, when a member wishes to communicate with a friend in a crowd, is wrapped around the forefinger, and elicits a responsive token. This badge is generally used only by the white members of the league, as the entire negro population are supposed to be avowed members. The intention of the organization is to strengthen and unite the negroes in their efforts to attain the ascendancy, and it is supposed that some of the leading spirits of the organization are white men. However much these secret leagues may be deprecated, the untutored blacks can scarcely be blamed for following the example of the "superior" race. If the Ku Klux Klan meet a Roland for their Oliver, it will be no more than might be expected from the nature and character of a people so suddenly and recently released from the darkness and barbarism of a life of bondage.

The Red Stringers hold their meetings generally in some unfrequented spot in the woods, where, like some assemblage of evil spirits, they make night hideous with their yells, and dance and caper like satyrs in the glare of their torches and the fires on their rude altars. Our engraving represents one of these gatherings, which are very frequent throughout the South.

COULDN'T CATCH WORMS.—M. Worms, who is playing the part of *Armand Duval* in the play known as "Camille," at St. Petersburg, received the other day a bouquet enclosing a ring, a pin, and a set of shirt buttons, the value of \$4,000, with a note saying only, "To Armand Duval from his Margaret." The actor sent them back by the bearer, with the message, "I am not Armand Duval, I do not know Margaret, and I have a wife."

DEATH.

QUIET I lay at last, and knew no more
Whether I breathed or not. Worn out I lay
With the death-struggle. What was yet before
I cared not to meet, nor turned away.
I knew my being only in its rest.
After the torture of the bygone day,
And so would linger, painless, nearly blest.
Followed a dreamy pause; and then the sound
As of a door that opened—in the west
Somewhere I thought it was. The noise unbound
The sleep from off my eyelids, and they rose,
And I looked forth; and looking, straightway found
It was my chamber-door that did unclose;
And by it came a form into my view,
Tall, silent, bending almost with repose:
It was my brother—brother such as few—
Bowing in kindly wise his noble head.
Then, when I saw his countenance, I knew
That I was lying in my chamber dead;
For to my side I saw this brother move,
Whose face from me and his and mine had sped,
Like a lost summer, leaving only love,
Years, years ago, behind the unseen veil.
But though I loved him, all high words above,
Not for his loss then did I weep or wail.
Knowing that here we live but in a tent—
And that our house is yonder, without fail.
And now I had him. Toward him I bent—
I too was dead, so might the dead embrace—
But he stooped not. Silent his hand he lent
Me to uplift. I was in feeble case,
But growing stronger, stood up on the floor,
Right glad I looked upon my own dead face,
Leaving it there. "I shall not suffer more,"
It seemed to think. I turned me away,
My brother leading to the open door,
And out we passed, into the night blue-gray.

RUSSIAN RAILWAYS.

IT is good for nations as well as individuals to have their conceit taken out of them, especially in matters in which they flatter themselves they are ahead, while in point of fact they are behind the rest of the world. We think our railway-carriages are "e'en about the best in all creation," notwithstanding their horrible discomforts and dangers. Perhaps our car-builders would feel themselves insulted if we were to ask them to take a lesson from the Russians, who are generally regarded as half-reclaimed savages. But we cannot refrain from reproducing from an English paper the following account of Russian railways, and their comforts and conveniences:

"The train from Moscow to St. Petersburg, which runs on the first line ever laid down in Russia, usually consists of half-a-dozen cars of immense length. Entering by a broad, easy staircase and convenient platform, the astonished and delighted traveler finds himself in a saloon, with a table in the centre, surrounded by sofas and divans. Opening from one side of this saloon is a passage leading to the further end of the carriage, and passing on to an iron platform outside. Neither height, stoutness, crinoline nor other moderate majesty of human proportions or ornament, creates any obstacle to the free movements of the passenger. Heavy curtains, when pushed aside, however, reveal three pleasant private apartments if he desires repose. Each is furnished with six cozy easy-chairs. Another passage leads to similar apartments reserved for ladies. A pretty winding staircase shows the way to a sleeping-saloon above. The view from this upper floor is quite charming in fine weather, and enables the traveler to observe the general aspect of the country for miles around in every direction. Everything is admirably arranged. The doors fit closely, yet open easily; and, as on entering the carriage it is necessary to pass several of which one shuts as the other opens, there are no drafts from the wintry air outside. Over the passage is a loft, in which may be stowed away, within arm's reach, whatever a reasonable person can expect or desire to have with him. Double windows exclude the bleak air from rushing directly in upon weak lungs; but there is so good a system of ventilation through the roof that the cars are never unpleasantly close. Lastly, there are wash-places, dressing-rooms, and other conveniences, handsomely fitted-up, and scrupulously clean.

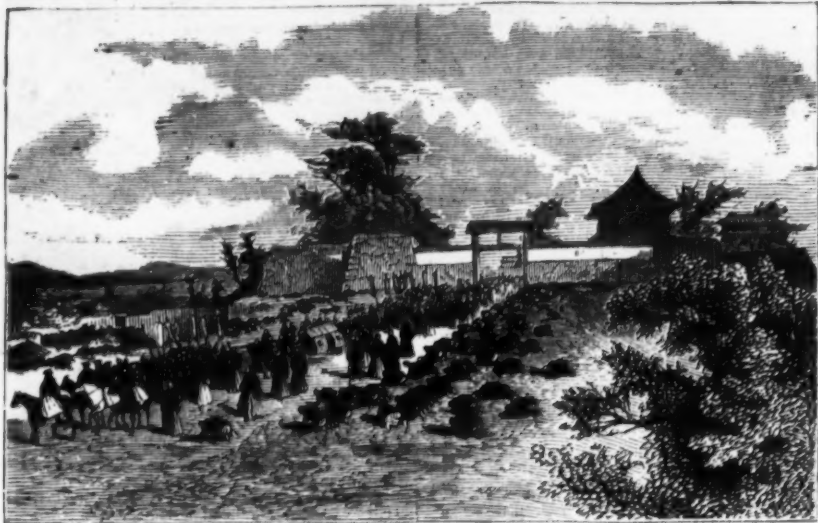
"The amusements in this *Traveler's Paradise* are numerous and varied. They beguile the tedium of a journey so effectively, that it seems like a holiday jaunt rather than the usual term of imprisonment such journeys are in other countries. Portable card-tables, wax candles, chess, draughts, cards and books are to be had for the asking. Cheerful games and good reading are agreeably varied by festive stoppages, the speed being about twenty-five miles an hour, and a first-class station every fifty miles. Here is to be found, at a rational price, tea such as scholars love, true nectar for philosophers; while the ruler sons of Adam may choose other drinks from divers rows of curiously-shaped bottles of wonderful wines and rich-colored liquors. There are *bon-bons* and beef, ducks and geese, partridges and venison, mighty sturgeon, and the doubtful Russian delicacies of *caviare* and *gismettes*. There are even clean waiters, white linen, flowers and bright lights. The cheer is so good that parties of fine ladies and smart officers travel from St. Petersburg and Moscow expressly to dine at these refreshment stations. When the traveler has plentifully regaled himself, according to his eating, and the night wears on, he has only to tell the railway-servant that he is ready for sleep, and before he need take his place in the train again he will find his bed ready. The berths on this railway are superior even to those on any American railway. They are as good as the berths in the state cabin of an American river steamer."

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

THE door was flung back, and a noble bull dashed into the ring with that impetuous rush which is so fine. He galloped wildly round the ring once or twice, apparently astonished at finding nothing to encounter, and then took up his position in the centre of the arena, pawing, and shaking his curly black locks over his small stag-like muzzle. A door facing him was then opened and the tiger was let out. It was very singular to remark the different way the tiger came out of his den; no wild rush or roar, but sneaking out of his cell he crept close to the barrier, and crouching against it, looked with half-closed eyes at his enemy. The bull directly he saw him gave one or two wild snorts, full of vigor and passion, and backed a few paces. He did not seem afraid, but conscious he was in the presence of a dangerous enemy, not to be trifled with; so they continued gazing at each other for some seconds.

Presently the tiger seemed to crouch gradually lower and lower till he lay literally *contre terre*, and commenced dragging himself paw by paw nearer to the bull. He in his turn retreated two or three steps, and then stood still awaiting the event—no movement but an occasional pulsant shake of his head, and a slight noise like a deep sigh. You might have heard a pin drop in the Plaza, so intense was the excitement as inch by inch the tiger drew near. Suddenly! in a moment! he seemed to double himself into a ball, and then fly out like a piece of watch-spring, but with no roar, in perfect silence he sprang! A wild furious snort on the bull's part he met him, and we saw him receive the tiger full on his horns; for an instant one clung upon the bull's glossy shoulder, and then he fell a corpse on the sand, for the bull's horn penetrated the chest and heart. The conqueror sniffed once or twice at the body, made a plunge at it, and then snatched round the ring as if aware of the gallant feat he had accomplished.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 117.



PALACE OF THE TYCOON, AND VIEW OF YEDDO, JAPAN.



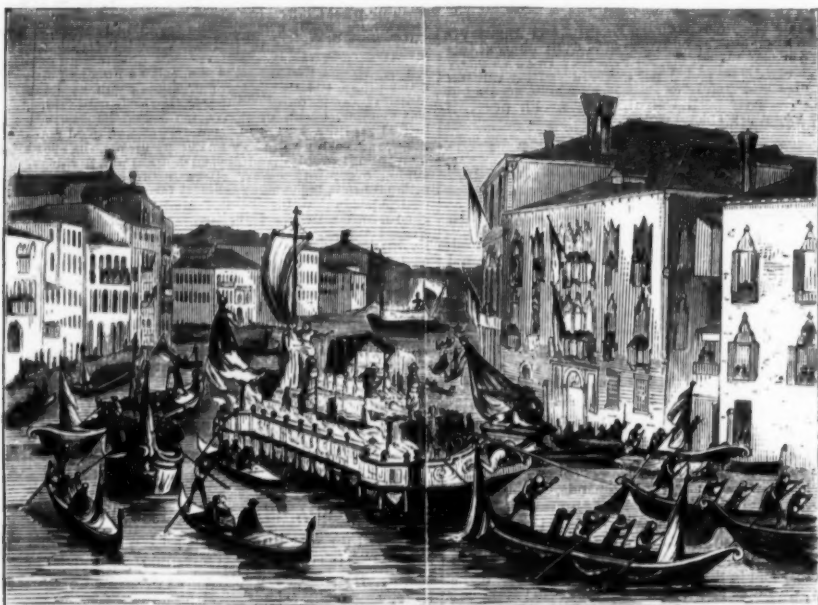
GENERAL VIEW OF YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.



MR. AND MRS. DISRAELI'S ASSEMBLY AT THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE, LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE NEW FACADE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. LAURENT, PARIS, FRANCE.



THE FUNERAL OF DANIEL MANIN, VENICE, ITALY—THE FUNERAL BARGE ENTERING THE GRAND CANAL.



FUNERAL OF DANIEL MANIN, VENICE, ITALY—THE FUNERAL CORTEGE PASSING THE RIALTO, ON THE GRAND CANAL.



A COLUMN OF FRENCH TROOPS ASSAILED BY A HURRICANE AFTER THE BATTLE OF KHAEDER, ALGERIA.



ANKOBAR, THE RESIDENCE OF THE NEGUS OF CHOA, ABYSSINIA



INTERIOR OF THE NEW UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, CORNER OF MADISON SQUARE AND 26TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY—LADIES' RECEPTION ON THE 16TH ULT.—SEE PAGE 123.

**PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED
EUROPEAN PRESS.**

**The Palace of the Tycoon, and View of
Yeddo, Capital of Japan.**

Yeddo is situated at the mouth of an immense estuary. This vast metropolis is built upon three or four of the innumerable rivers that empty into the bay of Yoko-

hama. The largest and most celebrated is the Yoda-hama. It has been said that London and Paris are but an agglomeration of several cities; it can be said, with equal propriety, that Yeddo is an assemblage of numerous towns or fortified villages. On account of the earthquakes, the buildings, even those of the prince and high functionaries, never exceed two stories in height, the second story being very low. The dwellings of the nobles are generally built on a slight eminence,

around which are grouped, picturesquely, the habitations of the servants, who are numerous beyond all our American ideas. The Prince of Satsuma entertains from seventy to eighty thousand independents, including twenty thousand soldiers, ten times more than the guard on duty at the portals of the Tycoon's castle, a view of which is given in our engraving. The centre of the city is occupied by an immense polygon, surrounded by fortifications, and by a most

seventy feet wide. In the centre of this space is the palace of the Emperor, which is built upon a hill. It can only be entered after passing another most one hundred feet wide. But the actual residence of the Tycoon is a fortress enclosed within this enclosure, surrounded by groves of evergreens that completely hide it from view. The fortifications are built of immense rocks, of polygonal form, piled on each other without cement or mortar. This arrangement, it seems,



JOHN F. ELDREDGE, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILWAY.—SEE PAGE 123.



CHARLES GAYLER, ESQ., THE AUTHOR OF THE NEW ROMANCE "OUT OF THE STREETS," COMMENCED IN NO. 154 OF FRANK LESLIE'S "CHIMNEY CORNER," NOW READY.—SEE PAGE 123.

is necessary as a protection against earthquakes, which, in Japan, must be taken into consideration. In the shadow of the sanctuary of the Japanese monarchy is built the quarter of the princes of royal blood. It is this part of the city that all the principal personages inhabit, and where all the public offices are situated. It is estimated that the temples and convents occupy about one-fourth of the superficies of the city. This development of edifices devoted to the purposes of worship is not surprising in a country the sovereign power of which belongs to the chief of the religion. Throughout the city numerous towers are erected, that serve as stations for the sentries of the several fire companies, indispensable functionaries in a city the walls of which are wooden, the roofs of straw, the windows of paper, and where chimneys are unknown. One of the characteristic details deserving mention is the love of flowers, of gardens, of vegetable monstrosities so common and popular in Japan. Every house in Yeddo that has not its garden, in which is laid out in miniature a representation of nature, with islands, little lakes filled with gold fish and boats not bigger than one's finger, rocks the size of one's head, and trees that can be put in one's pocket. The Japanese are particularly skillful in growing cedars a foot in height, whose twisted branches and rough bark recall to mind the centenary giants that cover the sides of Mount Lebanon.

General View of Yokohama, Japan.

Yokohama was built, a few years ago, on the desert shore, where Commodore Perry signed the memorable treaty that opened Japan to foreign commerce. It is a city entirely Occidental in its features, inhabited by 5,000 foreigners and as many natives, and founded upon soil for centuries in antagonism with the civilization of the outside world. It seems destined to a brilliant future. The atmosphere is of remarkable purity, the climate delightful. Game, fish, flowers and vegetables are abundant. The mountains, crowned by the superb volcano *Fuji-gama*, present a *coup d'oeil* of unequalled magnificence. The rich merchants who have established themselves there lead an existence at the same time agreeable and lucrative.

Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli's Assembly, in the New Foreign Office, London, England.

On the 25th of March, Mr. and Mrs. Disraeli gave an entertainment in the new Foreign Office in London, to a large company of distinguished persons, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, and several other members of the royal family. The new Foreign Office is a part of a quadrangle of buildings not yet completed, and was thrown open for the first time on the occasion of the Prime Minister's first reception. The architect has provided a magnificent suite of reception rooms, two of which are each about 70 feet in length and 32 feet wide, but the decorations of these apartments, not having been completed, the levee had to be held in rooms which are intended purely for official business. The entrance was from the Downing street gateway, the visitors alighting on the right hand side, and passing into the lower corridor which runs from east to west the entire length of that wing of the building. The Secretary of State's room was the grand centre to which the company converged. This room is lighted by five windows, three looking out upon the enclosure in St. James's Park, and two in the direction of the Duke of York's Column. A magnificent crystal chandelier was suspended from the centre of the ceiling, and the walls were adorned with numerous candelabra, rich carpets were spread everywhere, and banks of flowers were placed in every convenient situation. The company began to arrive at ten o'clock, and remained until about one o'clock the following morning, the entire reception passing off in the most agreeable manner.

Transfer of the Remains of Daniel Manin to Venice, Italy—The Funeral Procession on the Grand Canal.

On the 23d of March last, the twentieth anniversary of the expulsion of the Austrian army from Venice, the remains of the distinguished patriot, Daniel Manin, Dictator of the Venetian Republic, were removed to Venice, the city of his birth, with the most imposing ceremonies. Daniel Manin was born in Venice in 1804, at a time when his father enjoyed a high reputation as an advocate, and was educated for the profession of law. His hatred of the power by which his countrymen were oppressed led him on several occasions, when engaged in pleading, to express opinions by no means acceptable to the authorities, and in 1848 he was arrested and cast into prison for seditious speeches. Shortly after his incarceration, the movements of the Austrian army were attended by debilitating reverses, the insurrection of the Italians assuming a form and disposition against which the imperial troops were unable to contend. In consequence of the surrender of Count Zichy, the Austrian Governor at Venice, Manin was freed from confinement, and immediately began exhorting his countrymen to assume the rights of freedom, and adopt whatever means were necessary to secure their independence. His counsels were enthusiastically applauded, a government was organized, and he, in conjunction with a fellow-patriot, placed at its head. The defeat of the Piedmontese, with whom the Venetians had formed an alliance, left Venice to defend herself alone against Austria. A Republic was proclaimed, Manin being named chief triumvir, and General Pepe commander of the army. In August, 1848, Venice was besieged by the Austrians, but held out heroically until the end of the same month in the following year, and did not surrender before it had been subjected to a fearful bombardment. According to the terms of capitulation, Manin was permitted to go into exile, and thereupon retired to Paris, where he supported himself by giving lessons in Italian, until 1857, the time of his death. He expired broken-hearted; but he never lost faith in the regeneration of Italy, and his last prayer was offered up for her deliverance and freedom. The noble Venetian was buried with wife and daughter in the vault of the famed artist, Scheffer. Italy recognized in the departed patriot one of the leading fathers of Italian unity, and claimed his ashes for a funeral and interment that should have a national character, and show to the world the high estimation in which his countrymen held his memory. Before day-break on the 22nd March, the remains of Manin, his wife and daughter, arrived at the railway station in Venice, escorted by the National Guard, and a deputation consisting of all the prominent officers of the government took possession of them shortly afterward. The three coffins were borne from the station by sailors of the Italian fleet, and placed on the catafalque in the centre of the funeral gondola. The official deputation took positions around the catafalque, and the galley moved majestically forward, propelled by sixty rowers. Notwithstanding the sounds of solemn music, the general appearance was that of a fairy scene elaborately got up on the tranquil lake. Three or four hundred gondolas, radiant with various colored lights, accompanied the new Ducenaur, and when the squadron entered the Rialto, and then the Grand Canal, the brilliant illumination of the palace, mingling with the reflection on the waters, occasioned by the numerous gondolas, presented a spectacle of solemn grandeur. Immense crowds of observers occupied every available position for taking part in the mournful demonstration, and for more than an hour one of the most beautiful panoramas was presented to view, commencing at the Dario Palace, going on to the Palaces of Manzoni and Giustiani, and appearing to finish at that of Vandramin Calergé, belonging to the Duchess de Berri. On one hand was seen Santa Maria della Salute, upon which the dazzling lights reflected brilliantly, while San Giorgio was clearly definable in the shade; and on the other hand the Royal Palace, the Lion of St. Mark, and the Palace of the Doges, some of the most marvelous of human constructions. The several forms of the ceremony having been gone through, the body was taken to the Church of St. Mark, where in the porch had been constructed a sarcophagus in porphyry, supported by two lions, the whole being of beautiful execution. It is here that the patriot's remains finally repose in their glory in front of that Square of St. Mark where Manin inflamed his fellow-citizens with the love of country and laid a foundation for the deliverance of Venice.

The French Troops in Algeria Overtaken by a Hurricane After the Battle of Kheder.

The insurrection of the Arabs in Algeria seems to have been finally quelled by the French troops, but not before they had experienced some terrible calamities. Our illustration represents a scene which followed one of the latest engagements—the battle of Kheder—a column of French troops, under command of Colonel Colomieu, being suddenly opposed by one of the terrible hurricanes of that wild country. The heat at the time of these storms is almost intolerable, the sand, to a depth of several inches, appears to be a collection of living coals, and the hurricane rushes along in its destructive course with an impetuosity that neither man nor beast can resist. But the condition of the troops was rendered still more alarming by a perfect tempest of rain and sleet. At night the terrors of the place increased, and it seemed as though the whole troop would be buried there, or rather would leave their skeletons there to bleach in the sun beside those of their late assailants, who were but a short distance off watching for a chance of renewing their attempts at a surprise. Near them were scattered the remains of camels and native troops that had either perished in the late contest, or met their deaths in the midst of one of these awful storms. On the cessation of the hurricane, the troops presented a most woeful appearance, and they will undoubtedly regard this terrible visitation as their most bitter experience in the Algerian provinces.

Boulevard de Strasbourg, Paris—New Facade of the Church of St. Laurent.

The demolitions necessary for the opening of the Boulevard de Strasbourg, in Paris, have brought into full view the Church of St. Laurent, the principal entrance of which was formerly on the Place de la Fidélité. This church has recently been enlarged and a fine portal constructed with a very happy mixture of the architecture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Our engraving represents the church with its new facade, which adds much to the beauty of the quarter of the city in which it is situated.

Aukobar, the Residence of the Negus of Choa, Abyssinia.

The most important allies of the British in Abyssinia, are Kassa, King of Tigre, and the Negus of Choa, whose residence at Aukobar is represented in our engraving. But it is not probable that Sir Robert Napier places much dependence upon the support of those princes. The military prestige of Theodoros still exercises an influence over the native princes who are hostile to him, and their alliance with the British is not founded upon friendship, but upon their fear of the common foe. Theodoros himself attaches but little importance to the disaffection of the native chiefs. Whether from excess of pride, or from confidence in his own strength, he has demonstrated his opinion of them by saying, "Let me but raise my stick and they will fly!"

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE DINNER.

THE dinner party of that day was the largest Sir George had given. As already known, it was the fifteenth birthday of Blanche, his only child.

The guests intended to take seats at the table had been carefully selected. In addition to those staying at the Hall, there were others specially invited for the occasion—of course the first families of the shire, who dwelt within dining distance.

In all there were over twenty—several of them distinguished by titles—while twice as many more were expected to drop in afterward. A dance was to follow the dinner.

As Maynard, having made his toilet, descended to the drawing-room, he found it comfortably filled. Devices of beautiful women were seated upon the sofas, each in a wonderful abundance of skirt, and a still more surprising scantiness of bodice and sleeves.

Interspersed among them were the gentlemen, all in deep black, relieved only by the time-honored white choker—their plain dresses contrasting oddly with the rich silks and satins that rustled around them.

Soon after entering the room, he became conscious of being under all eyes—both male and female: in short, their cynosure.

It was something beyond the mere customary glance given to a new guest on his announcement. As the butler in stentorian voice proclaimed his name, coupling it with his military title, a thrill appeared to pass through the assemblage. The "swell," in tawny moustache, forsaking his habitual air of superciliousness, turned readily toward him; dowagers and duchesses, drawing out their gold-rimmed glasses, ogled him with a degree of interest unusual for these grand dames; while their daughters vouchsafed glances of a more speaking and pleasant nature.

Maynard did not know what to make of it. A stranger of somewhat peculiar antecedents, he might expect scrutiny.

But not of that concentrated kind—in a company reputed above all others for its good breeding.

He was himself too well-bred to be taken aback. Besides, he saw before him only faces that ap-

peared friendly; while the eyes of the discriminating dowagers, seen through their pebbles, instead of quizzing, seemed to regard him with admiration!

Though not disconcerted, he could not help feeling surprised. Many of those present he had met before; had hunted, shot, and even dined with them. Why should they be now receiving him with an interest not hitherto exhibited?

The explanation was given by his host, who, approaching in a friendly manner, pronounced the words:

"Captain Maynard, we congratulate you!"

"On what, Sir George?" inquired the astonished guest.

"Your literary success. We had already heard, sir, of your skill in wielding the sword. We were not aware that you are equally skillful with another and like honorable weapon—the pen."

"You are very complimentary; but I do not quite comprehend you."

"You will, by glancing at this. I presume, sir, you have not yet seen it—since it has just come down by the last post?"

As Sir George spoke, he held up a broad sheet, whose title proclaimed it the fashionable morning journal of London.

Maynard's eye was directed to a column, in large type, headed by his own name. Underneath was the review of a book—a novel he had written; but which, before his leaving London, had not received the usual notice from the newspaper press. The journal in question gave the first public announcement of its appearance and quality.

"Three extraordinary volumes, written by no every-day man. Of Captain Maynard it may be said what Byron wrote of Bonaparte:

"And quiet to quick bosoms is a hell."

So commenced the review; and then ran on in the same strain of almost hyperbolic praise; the reviewer ending his remarks with the statement that "a new star had appeared in the literary firmament!"

The author did not read the long column of compliment paid by some generous pen—of course outside the literary clique—and entirely unknown to him. He only glanced at the opening paragraphs and conclusion, returning the paper to the hand of his host.

It would be untrue to say he was not pleased; but equally so to declare that he was not also surprised. He had little thought, while recording some incidents of his life in a far foreign land—while blending them with emotions of a still later date, and moulding them into a romance—little had he dreamt that his *labor of love* was destined to give him a new kind of fame, and effect a complete change in his career. Hitherto he had thought only of the sword. It was to be laid aside for the pen.

"Dinner upon the table!" announced the butler, throwing wide open the drawing-room doors.

Sir George's guests paired off by introduction; the newly discovered author finding himself bestowed upon a lady of title.

She was a young and interesting creature, the Lady Mary P., daughter of one of the proudest peers in the realm.

But her escort cared little for this. He was thinking of that younger, and yet more interesting, creature—the daughter of his host.

During the few minutes spent in the drawing-room, he had been watching her with ardent glances.

Almost snatching the fashionable journal from her father's hand, she had withdrawn to a retired corner; and there sat, with apparent eagerness devouring its contents.

By the position of the sheet, he could tell the column on which she was engaged; and as the light of the chandelier fell upon her face he endeavored to read its expression.

While writing that romance, he remembered with what tender emotions he had been thinking of her. Did she reciprocate those thoughts, now reading the review of it?

It was sweet to perceive a smile upon her countenance, as if the praise bestowed was giving her gratification. Sweeter still, when, the reading finished, she looked searchingly around the room, till her eyes rested upon him, with a proud, pleased expression!

A summons to the best dinner in the world, was but a rude interruption to that adorable glance.

As he afterward sat near the head of the dinner-table, with Lady Mary by his side, how he envied the more juvenile guests at the foot; especially young Boudamore, to whom had been allotted that bright, beautiful star, whose birth they were assembled to celebrate.

Maynard could no more see her. Between them was a huge *epervier*, loaded with the spoils of the conservatory. How he detested its ferns and its flowers, the gardener who had gathered, and the hand that arranged them into such impenetrable festoons!

During the dinner he was inattentive to his titled companion—almost to impoliteness. Her pleasant speeches were scarce listened to, or answered incoherently. Even her ample silken skirts insidiously rustling against his knees, failed to inspire him with the divinity of her presence!

Lady Mary had reason to believe in a doctrine oft propounded: that in social life men of genius are not only insipid, but stupid. No doubt she thought Maynard so; for it seemed a relief to her, as the dinner came to an end, and the ladies rose to betake themselves to the drawing-room.

Even with an ill grace did he draw back her chair; his eyes straying across the table, where Blanche Vernon was flitting past in the string of departing guests.

But a glance given by the latter, after clearing the *epervier*, more than repaid him for the frown upon Lady Mary's face, as she swept away from his side!

CHAPTER XLIX.—THE DANCE.

THE gentlemen staid but a short while over their wine. The twanging of harp-strings and tuning of violins, heard outside, told that their presence was required in the drawing-room—whither Sir George soon conducted them.

During the two hours spent at dinner, a staff of domestics had been busy in the drawing-room. The carpets had been taken up, and the floor waxed almost to an icy smoothness. The additional guests had arrived; and were grouped over it, waiting for the music to begin.

There is no dance so delicious as that of the drawing-room—especially in an English country-house. There is a pleasant home feeling about it, unknown to the crush of the public ball—be it "county" or "hunt."

It is full of mystic imaginations—recalling Sir Roger de Coverley, and those dear olden times of supposed Arcadian innocence.

The dancers all know each other. If not, introductions are easily obtained, and there is no dread about making new acquaintances: since there is no danger in doing so.

Inside the room is an atmosphere you can breathe without thought of being stifled; outside a supper you can eat, and wines you may drink, without fear of being poisoned—adjuncts rarely found near the shrines of Terpsichore.

Maynard, though still a stranger to most of Sir George's guests, was made acquainted with as many of them as chanced in his way. Those lately arrived, had also read the fashionable journal, or heard of its comments on the new romance soon to be sent them by "Mudie." And there is no circle in which genius meets with greater admiration than in that of the English aristocracy—especially when supposed to have been discovered in one of their own classes.

Somewhat to his surprise, Maynard found himself the hero of the hour. He could not help feeling gratified by complimentary speeches that came from titled lips—many of them the noblest in the land. It was enough to make him contented. He might have reflected: how foolish he had been in embracing a political faith, at variance with that of all around him, and so long separating him from their pleasant companionship.

In the face of success in a far different field, this seemed for the time forgotten by them.

And by him, too: though without any intention of ever forsaking those republican principles he had adopted for his political creed. His political leanings were not alone of choice, but conviction. He could not have changed them, if he would.

But there was no need to intrude them in that social circle; and, as he stood listening to praise from pretty lips, he felt contented—even to happiness.

That happiness reached his highest point, as he heard half-whispered in his ear the congratulatory speech:

"I'm so glad of your success!"

It came from a young girl with whom he was dancing in the quadrille of the Lanciers, and who for the first time during the night had become his partner. It was Blanche Vernon.

"I fear you are flattering me?" was his reply;

"At all events, the reviewer has done so. The journal from which you've drawn your deduction is noted for its generosity to young authors—an exception to the general rule. It is to that I am indebted for what you, Miss Vernon, are pleased to term success. It is only the enthusiasm of my reviewer; perhaps interested in scenes that may be novel to him. Those described in my romance are of a land not much known, and still less written about."

"But they are very interesting!"

"How can you tell that?" asked Maynard, in surprise. "You have not read the book?"

"No; but the newspaper has given the story—a portion of it. I can judge from that."

The author had not been aware of this. He had only glanced at the literary notice—at its first and final paragraphs.

These had flattered him; but not so much as the words now heard, and appearing truthfully spoken.

A thrill of delight ran through him, at the thought of those scenes, having interested her. She had been in his thoughts all the while he was painting them. It was she who had inspired that protiture of a "CHILD-WIFE," giving to the book any charm he supposed it to possess.

He was almost tempted to tell her so; and might have done it, but for the danger of being overheard by the dancers.

"I am sure it is a very interesting story," said she, as they came together again after "turning to corners." "I shall continue to think so, till I've read the book; and then you shall have my own opinion of it."

"I have no doubt you'll be disappointed. The story is one of rude frontier life, not likely to be interesting to young ladies."

"But your reviewer does not say so. Quite the contrary. He describes it as full of very tender scenes."

"I hope you may like them."

"Oh! I'm so anxious to read it!" continued the young girl, without appearing to notice the speech so pointedly addressed to her. "I'm sure I shan't sleep to-night, thinking about it!"

"Miss Vernon; you know not how much I am gratified by the interest you take in my first literary effort. If," added the author with a laugh, "I could only think you would not be able to sleep the night after reading it, I might believe in the success which the newspaper speaks of."

"Perhaps it may be so. We shall soon see. Papa has already telegraphed Mr. Mudie for the book to be sent down, and we may expect it by the morning train. To-morrow night—if you've not made the story a very long one—I promise you my judgment upon it."

"The story is not long. I shall be impatient to hear what you think of it."

And he was impatient. All next day while tramping through stubble and turnip-field in pursuit of partridges, and banging away at the birds, he had thoughts only of his book, and how he knew to be reading it!

CHAPTER L.—A JEALOUS COUSIN.

FRANK SCUDAMORE, of age about eighteen, was one of England's gilded youth.

Born with a silver spoon in his mouth, brought up amidst abundance of gold, with broad acres for his heritage, and a peerage in prospect, he was deemed a desirable companion for young girls, soon to become women and wives.

More than one match-making mother had his name upon her list of "eligibles."

It soon became evident that these ladies would be under the necessity of "scratching" him; inasmuch as the prospective peer had fixed his affections upon one who was motherless—Blanche Vernon.

He had passed enough time at Vernon Park to become acquainted with the rare qualities of his cousin. As a boy he had loved her; as a youth he adored her.

It had never occurred to him that anything should come between him and his hopes, or rather his desires. Why should he talk about hopes: since the experience of his whole life taught him that to wish was to obtain?

He wished for Blanche Vernon; and had no fear about obtaining her. He did not even think it necessary to make an effort to win her. He knew that his father, Lord Scudamore, looked forward to the alliance; and that her father was equally favorable to it. There could be no opposition from any quarter, and he only waited till his young sweetheart should be ready to become a wife, that he might propose to her, and be accepted.

He did not think of his own youthfulness. At eighteen he believed himself a man.

Hitherto he had been but little troubled with competitors. It is true that others of the *jeunesse dorée* had looked at, and talked of the beautiful Blanche Vernon.

But Frank Scudamore, endowed with extraordinary claims, as favored by chances, had little to fear from their rivalry; and one after another, on shedding their evanescent light, had disappeared from his path.

At length came that black shadow across it; in the person of a man, old enough, as he had spitefully said, to be Blanche Vernon's father! The grandfather was an expression of hyperbole.

This man was Maynard.

Scudamore, while visiting at Vernon Park, had heard a good deal said in praise of the adventurous stranger; too much to make it possible he should ever take a liking to him—especially as the praise had proceeded from the lips of his pretty cousin. He had met Maynard for the first time at the shooting party, and his anticipated dislike was realized, if not reciprocated.

It was the most intense of antipathies—that of jealousy.

It had shown itself at the hunting meet, in the pheasant preserves, in the archery grounds, in the house at home—in short everywhere.

As already known, he had followed his cousin along the wood-path. He had watched every movement made by her while in the company of her stranger escort—angry at himself for having so carelessly abandoned her. He had not heard the conversation passing between them; but saw enough to satisfy him, that it savored of more than a common confidence. He had been smarting with jealousy all the rest of that day, and all the next, which was her birthday; jealous at dinner, as he observed her eyes making vain endeavors to pierce the *épergne* of flowers; madly jealous in the dance—especially at that time when the "Lancers" were on the floor, and she stood partner to the man "old enough to be her father."

Notwithstanding the noble blood in his veins, Scudamore was mean enough to keep close to them, and listen!

And he heard some of the speeches, half-compromising, that had passed between them.

Stung to desperation, he determined to report them to his uncle.

On the day following his daughter's birthday, Sir George did not accompany his guests to the field. He excused himself, on the plea that diplomatic business required him to confine himself to his library. He was sincere: for such was in reality the case.

His daughter also staid at home. As expected, the new novel had come down—an uncut copy, fresh from the hands of the binder.

Blanche had seized upon it; and gayly bidding every one good-by, had hurried off to her own apartment, to remain immured for the day!

With joy Maynard saw this, as he sallied forth along with the shooting-party. Scudamore, staying at home, beheld it with bitter chagrin.

Each had his own thoughts, as to the effect the perusal of the book might produce.

It was near midday, and the diplomatic baronet was seated in his library, preparing to answer a dispatch freshly received from the Foreign Office, when he was somewhat abruptly intruded upon. His nephew was the intruder.

Intimate as though he were a son, and some day to be his son-in-law, young Scudamore required to make no excuse for the intrusion.

"What is it, Frank?" was the inquiry of the diplomatist, holding the dispatch to one side.

"It's about Blanche," bluntly commenced the nephew.

"Blanche! what about her?"

"I can't say that it's much my business, uncle; except out of respect for our family. She's your daughter; but she's also my cousin."

Sir George let the dispatch fall flat upon the table; and reclined the spectacles upon his nose; and fixed upon his nephew a look of earnest inquiry.

"What is this you're talking of, my lad?" he asked, after a period passed in scrutinizing the countenance of young Scudamore.

"I'm almost ashamed to tell you, uncle. Something you might have seen as easily as I."

"But I haven't. What is it?"

"Well; you've admitted a man into your house who don't appear to be a gentleman."

"What man?"

"This Captain Maynard, as you call him."

"Captain Maynard not a gentleman! What grounds have you for saying so? Be cautious, nephew. It's a serious charge against any guest in my house—more especially one who is a stranger. I have good reasons for thinking he is a gentleman."

"Dear uncle; I should be sorry to differ from you, if I hadn't good reasons for thinking he is not."

"Let me hear them?"

"Well; in the first place, I was with cousin Blanche in the covers, day before yesterday. It was when we all went pheasant-shooting. We separated; she going home, and I to continue the sport. I had got out of sight, as he supposed, when this Mr. Maynard popped out from behind a holly copse, and joined her. I'm positive he was there waiting for the opportunity. He gave up his shooting, and accompanied her home; talking all the way, with as much familiarity as if he had been her brother!"

"He has the right, Frank Scudamore. He saved my child's life."

"But that don't give him the right to say the things he said to her."

Sir George started.

"What things?"

"Well; a good many. I don't mean in the covers. What passed between them there, of course, I couldn't hear. I was too far off. It was last night, while they were dancing, I heard them."

"And what did you hear?"

"They were talking about this new book Mr. Maynard has written. My cousin said she was so anxious to read it she would not be able to sleep that night. In reply, he expressed a hope she would feel the same way the night after reading it. Uncle, is that the sort of speech for a stranger to address to cousin Blanche? Or for her to listen to?"

The question was superfluous; and Scudamore saw it, by the abrupt manner in which the spectacles were jerked from Sir George's nose.

"You heard all that, did you?" he asked, almost mechanically.

"Every word of it."

"Between my daughter and Captain Maynard?"

"I have said so, uncle."

"Then say it to no one else. Keep it to yourself, Frank, till I speak to you again. Go now! I've Government business to attend to, that requires all my time. Go!"

The nephew, thus authoritatively dismissed, retired from the library.

As soon as he was outside the door, the baronet sprang up out of his chair; and, striding excitedly around the room, exclaimed to himself:

"This comes of showing kindness to a republican—a traitor to his Queen!"

CHAPTER LI.—UNDER THE DEODARA.

THE birthday of Blanche Vernon did not terminate the festivities at her father's house.

On the second day after, there was a dinner party of like splendid appointment, succeeded by dancing.

It was the season of English rural enjoyment, when crops have been garnered, and rents paid; when the farmer rests from his toil, and the squire luxuriates in his sports.

Again in Vernon Hall were noble guests assembled; and again the inspiring strains of harp and violin told time to the fantastic gliding of feet.

And again Maynard danced with the baronet's daughter.

She was young to take part in such entertainments. But it was in her father's house, and she was an only daughter—hence almost necessitated at such early age to play mistress of the mansion. True to her promise, she had read the romance and declared her opinion of it to the anxious author.

She liked it, though not enthusiastically. She did not say this. Only from her manner, could Maynard tell there was a qualification. Something in the book seemed not to have satisfied her. He could not conjecture what it was. He was too disappointed to press for an explanation.

Once more they were dancing together, this time in a *valse*. Country-bred, as she was, she waltzed like a *corymb*. She had taken lessons from a Creole teacher, while resident on the other side of the Atlantic.

Maynard was himself no mean dancer, and she was just the sort of partner to delight him. Without thought of harm, in the abandon of girlish innocence, she rested her cheek upon his shoulder, and went spinning round with him—in each whirl weaving closer the spell upon his heart.

And without thought of being observed.

But she was. At every turn, all through the room, both she and he. Dowagers, seated along the sides, ogled them through their eye-glasses, shook their false curls, and made muttered remarks. Young ladies, two seasons out, looked envious; Lady Mary contemptuous, almost scowling.

The "gilded youth" did not like it; least of all Scudamore, who strode through the room sulky and savage, or stood watching the sweep of his cousin's skirt, as though he could have torn the dress from her back!

It was no relief to him, when the *valse* came to an end.

On the contrary, it but increased his torture; as the couple he was so jealously observing, walked off, arm-in-arm, through the conservatory, and out into the grounds.

There was nothing strange in their doing so. The night was warm, and the doors both of conservatory and drawing-room set wide open. They were but following a fashion. Several other couples had done the same.

Whatever may be said of England's aristocracy, they have not yet reached that point of corruption, to make appearances suspicious. They may still point with pride to one of the noblest of their national mottoes:—"Honi soit qui mal y pense."

It is true they are in danger of forsaking it; under that baleful French influence, felt from the other side of the Channel, and now extending to the uttermost ends of the earth—even across the Atlantic.

But it is not gone yet; and a guest admitted into the house of an English gentleman is not presupposed to be an adventurer, stranger though he be. His strolling out through the grounds, with a young lady for sole companion, even upon a starless night, is not considered *outré*—certainly not a thing for scandal.

Sir George Vernon's guest, with Sir George's daughter on his arm, was not thinking of scandal, as they threaded the mazes of the shrubbery that grew contiguous to the dwelling. No more, as they stopped under the shadow of a gigantic *deodara*, whose broad evergreen fronds extended far over the carefully kept turf.

There was neither moon nor stars in the sky; no light, save that dimly reflected through the glass panelling of the conservatory.

They were alone, or appeared so—secure from being either observed, or overheard, as if standing amidst the depths of some primeval forest or the centre of an unpeopled desert. If there were others near, they were not seen; if speaking, it must have been in whispers.

Perhaps this feeling of security gave a tone to their conversation. At all events, it was carried on with a freedom from restraint, hitherto unused between them.

"You have traveled a great deal?" said the young girl, as the two came to a stand under the *deodara*.

"Not much more than yourself, Miss Vernon. You have been a great traveler, if I mistake not?"

"I oh! no. I've only been to one of the West India islands, where papa was Governor. Then to New York on our way home. Since to some of the capital cities of Europe. That's all."

"A very fair itinerary for one of your age."

"But you, sir; you have visited many strange lands, and passed through strange scenes—scenes of danger, as I've been told."

"Who told you that?"

"I've read it. I'm not so young as to be denied reading the newspapers. They've spoken of you, and your deeds. Even had we never met, I should have known your name."

And had they never met, Maynard would not have had such happiness as was his at that moment. This was his reflection.

"My deeds, as you please to designate them, Miss Vernon, have been but ordinary incidents; such as fall to the lot of all who travel through countries still in a state of nature, and where the passions of men are uncontrolled by the restraints of civilized life. Such a country is that lying in the midst of the American continent—the *prairies*, as they are termed."

"Oh! the prairies! Those grand meadows of green, and fields of flowers! How I should like to visit them!"

"It would not be altogether a safe thing for you to do."

"I know that; since you, sir, have encountered such dangers upon them. How well you have described them in your book! I liked that part very much. It read delightfully."

"But not all the book?"

"Yes; it is all very interesting; but some parts of the story—"

"Did not please you," said the author, giving help to the hesitating critic. "May I ask what portions have the ill-luck to deserve your condemnation?"

The young girl was for a moment silent, as if embarrassed by the question.

"Well," she at length responded, a topic occurring to relieve her. "I did not like to think that white men made war upon the poor Indians, just to take their scalps and sell them for money. It seems such an atrocity. Perhaps, sir, the story is not *all* true? May I hope it is not?"

It was a strange question to put to an author, and Maynard thought so. He remarked also that the tone was strange.

"Well, not all," was his reply. "Of course the book is put forth as a romance; though some of the scenes described in it were of actual occurrence. I grieve to say, those which have given you dissatisfaction. For the leader of the sanguinary expedition, of which it is an account, there is much to be said in palliation of what may be called his crimes. He had suffered terribly at the hands of the savages. With him the motive was not gain, not even retaliation. He gave up warring against the Indians, after recovering his daughter—so long held captive among them."

"And his other daughter—Zoe—she who was in love—and so young, too. Much younger than I am. Tell me, sir, is also that true?"

Why was this question put? And why a tremor in the tone, that told of an interest stronger than curiosity?

Maynard was in turn embarrassed, and scarce knew what answer to make. There was joy in his heart, as he mentally interpreted her meaning.

He thought of making a confession, and telling her the whole truth.

But had the time come for it?

He reflected "not," and continued to dissemble.

"Romance writers," he at length responded, "are allowed the privilege of creating imaginary characters. Otherwise they would not be writers of romance. These characters are sometimes drawn from real originals—not necessarily those

who may have figured in the actual scenes described—but who have at some time, and somewhere, made an impression upon the mind of the writer."

"And Zoe was one of these?"

Still a touch of sadness in the tone. How sweet to the ears of him so interrogated!

"She was, and is."

"She is still living?"

"Still!"

"Of course. Why should I have thought otherwise? And she must yet be young?"

"Just fifteen years—almost to a day."

"Indeed! what a singular coincidence! You know it is my age?"

"Miss Vernon, there are many coincidences, stranger than that."

"Ah! true; but I could not help thinking of it. Could I?"

"Oh, certainly not—after such a happy birthday."

"It was happy—indeed it was. I have not been so happy since."

"I hope the reading my story has not saddened you? If I thought so, I should regret ever having written it."

"Thanks! thanks!" responded the young girl; "it is very good of you to say so."

And after the speech, she remained silent and thoughtful.

"But you tell me it is not all true?" she resumed, after a pause. "What part is not? You say that Zoe is a real character?"

"She is. Perhaps the only one in the book true to nature. I can answer for the faithfulness of the portrait. She was in my soul, while I was painting it."

"Oh!" exclaimed his companion, with a half-suppressed sigh. "It must have been so. I'm sure it must. Otherwise how could you have told so truly, how she would feel? I was of her age, and I know it!"

Maynard listened with delight. Never sounded rhapsody sweeter in the ears of an author.

The baronet's daughter seemed to recover herself. It may have been pride of position, or the stronger instinct of love still hoping.

"Zoe," she said. "It is a very beautiful name—very singular! I have no right to ask you, but I cannot restrain my curiosity. Is it her real name?"

"It is not. And you are the only one in the world who has the right to know what that is."

"I! For what reason?"

"Because it is *yours*!" answered he, no longer able to withhold the truth; "Yours! Yes; the Zoe of my romance is but the portrait of a beautiful child, first seen upon a Cunard steamer. Since grown to be girl still more attractively beautiful. And since thought of by him who saw her, till the thought became a passion that must seek expression in words. It sought; and has found it. Zoe is the result—the portrait of Blanche Vernon, painted by one who loves—who would be willing to die for her!"

At this impassioned speech, the baronet's daughter trembled. But not as in fear. On the contrary, it was joy that was stirring within her heart.

And this heart was too young, and too guileless, either to conceal or be ashamed of its emotions. There was no show of concealment in the quick ardent interrogatories that followed.

"Captain Maynard, is this true? Or have you spoken but to flatter me?"

"True!" replied he, in the same impassioned tone. "It is true! From the hour when I first saw you, you have never been out of my mind. You never will. It may be folly—madness—but I can never cease thinking of you."

"Nor I of you!"

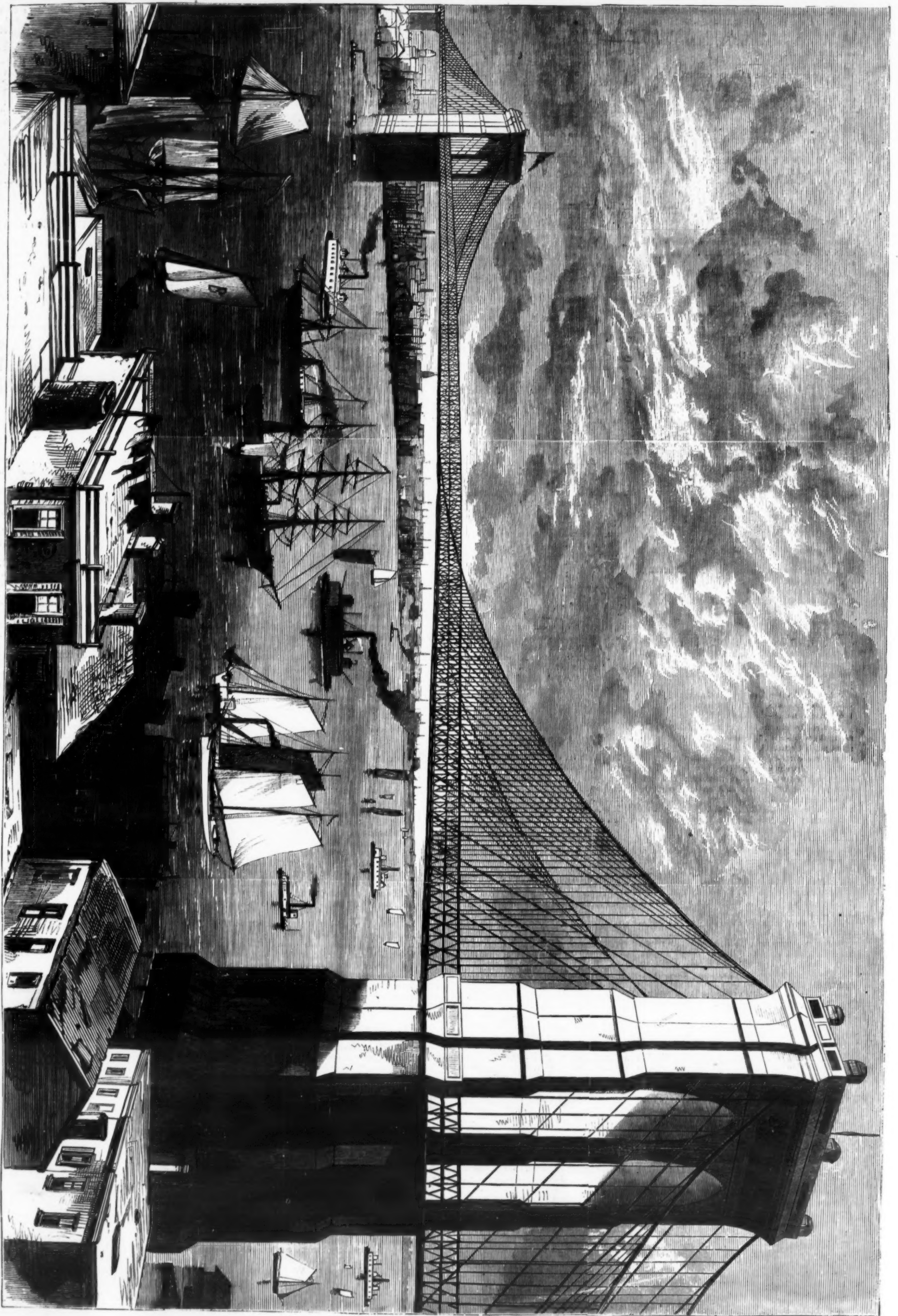
"Oh, heavens! can this be so? Is my presentiment to be fulfilled? Blanche Vernon! do you love me?"

"A strange question to put to a child!"

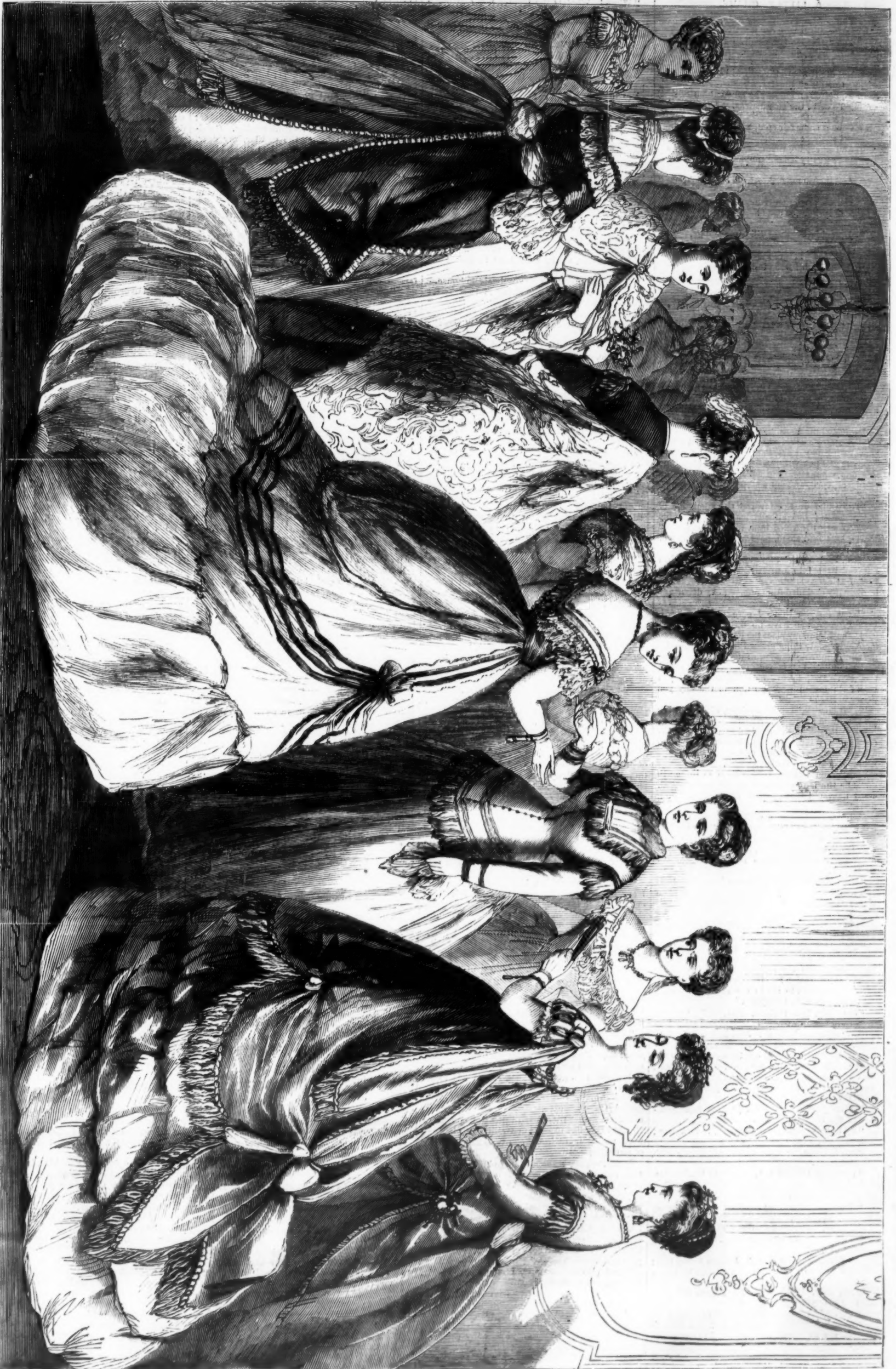
The remark was made by one, who had hitherto had no share in the conversation. Maynard's blood ran cold, as, under the shadow of the *deodara*, he recognized the tall figure of Sir George Vernon!

It was not yet twelve o'clock. There was still time for Captain Maynard to catch the night mail; and by it he returned to London.

LADIES' "SWAPPING" BUREAU.—A pretty epitome of feminine foolishness appears month by month in a certain domestic magazine patronized by the women of England. The editors has opened her columns as a medium for the better of all sorts of articles between her fair friends. In one number of the journal there are thirty-two offers of exchange, and very droll and suggestive are some of them. Of course, dress and ornaments are at the bottom of a good many; for instance, Dora offers "a large handsome Astrakhan cloak (real) for a small seal-skin jacket (real)"; and M. B. "three sets of Cluny lace collars and cuffs for a Cluny bertha." One dear creature has to go into mourning, and wants fourteen yards of black silk, with a long list of jet ornaments, for which she will give sixteen yards of blue silk, an opera-jacket, a new fan, and some other articles. Mabel's taste are canine; she signs for "a tiny black-and-tan terrier, and will give her sable muff for one weighing no more than two pounds." Adriana goes in for comfort in lieu of appearance, and tenders gold and coral ear-rings for a seal-skin muff and cuffs. The literary dames and dandies *veer* capriciously in their tastes. Miss A. B. shows her present appreciation of the poet laureate by offering "a complete set of his poems for the four volumes of Thackeray's 'Miscellaneous.'" Nora Dams wishes to change Miss Proctor for Joan Incevoir. Mary S. lamely desires "a good book on ladies' gardening;" but she unblushingly exposes her disloyalty by offering "all the royal family photographs for one." Mr. Punch would hardly feel flattered if he knew that two of his mighty tomes were proffered for "Mildred's Wedding." The editors of the magazine has herself, however, to eat the loss, by publishing an offer of a whole year of her precious journal for Mrs. Bee-on's "Book of Household Management." Sewing-machines are in great demand; postage-stamps are at a discount; music is very brisk. What are we to think of this item? "Margaret will exchange a complete set of unused baby-linen (cost £20), nicely made, for a gold watch and chain, and brooch!" From clothes to wearers: if this sort of thing goes on, we shall, by-and-by, see an "angel of a girl" tendered for "a cherub of a boy," and then, who knows but perhaps some inconstant wife may start the idea of exchanging husbands!



VIEW OF THE PROPOSED EAST RIVER BRIDGE, FROM THE BROOKLYN SIDE—THE CITY OF NEW YORK IN THE BACKGROUND.—FROM DESIGNS BY THE OFFICIAL ARCHITECT AND DRAWN BY MR. J. H. W. S. SEE PAGE 121.



TOILETTES OF THE LADIES AT THE LADIES' RECEPTION BY THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, AT THEIR NEW CLUB HOUSE, CORNER OF MADISON SQUARE AND TWENTY-SIXTH STREET, N. Y., ON THE 16TH ULT.
SEE PAGE 123.

A LITTLE GRAVE.

You need not dig it very wide,
Nor dig it very deep,
The little grave in which to hide
My baby, gone to sleep.

But dig it where the sun will shine
Upon it all the day,
And birds and blossoms all combine
To drive the gloom away.

Choose some fair spot, where, in the spring,
The grass will soonest grow,
And where the robin first will sing
And daisy blossoms blow.

And take some violets from the brook,
And plant them at her head;
Her eyes had just their dewy look;
Our violet, is dead!

How slow the days will come and go,
Now baby's gone away;
But God will love her best, I know,
Although I weep to-day.

IMPEACHMENT AND FLEAS.

"If there was ever a torment on the face of the earth, Mr. Perkins, that torment is yourself. I tell you again, most decidedly, that I will not, come what may, live in this house another year; and you know that my word is as good as my bond."

"Just about!" growled the henpecked husband, with a slightly sarcastic laugh; and without the least attempt at contradiction leisurely broke another egg into his cup, spread another muffin, and unfolded his morning paper.

"For mercy's sake! I wonder if all men are as aggravating as you are, Perkins? I just wonder! Now you are perfectly aware that it is high time this moving matter was settled. Here it is the middle of April, and not a step has been taken so far!"

"The Chief Justice favored the admission of the question; but after a lengthy debate, his decision was overruled by a majority of three," Mr. Perkins read aloud, between his mouthfuls of egg and coffee.

"Mrs. Perkins, this impeachment business has resolved itself into a perfect farce; and if this rule of evidence is adhered to, the President will be virtually excluded from offering any defense at all. It's monstrous!"

"What do you think I care about politics, Perkins? Women have no business with such subjects; I know my place too well to ever venture there. The only thing under the sun that worries me now is moving; and we must come to some understanding before you go down town this morning. And, in the first place, I wish you to inform me in what portion of the city you prefer to live?"

"This portion," replied Perkins, without lifting his eyes from the paper.

"The President's counsel, despairing of influencing the temper of the Senate, declined to ask any further questions, and General Sherman retired," continued the gentleman.

"Scandalous! Such proceedings as these will make us the laughing-stock of the whole world. Good heavens! have justice and decency both fled?"

And Mr. Perkins, with a grand flourish of the left hand, evidently intended for Benjamin B—, the hero of Dutch Gap and New Orleans, tipped over his third cup of coffee, leaving a large yellow stain upon Mrs. Perkins's immaculate damask tablecloth.

"Now, Perkins! see what you have done! If you would ever work yourself into such a passion about anything that interests me, I shouldn't mind so much; but this is too provoking for human endurance," and Mrs. P. rang for towels, to prevent damage to the carpet.

"I would really like to know, sir, if you have heard one word of what I have been saying to you? Have you the slightest idea of the nature of my conversation? Will you lay that paper one side, and talk to me in the manner I have a right, as your wife, to expect?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Perkins. But, really, I cannot help thinking how perfectly unjust and ridiculous is this 'usurping' charge. Just look at it! Here is Sherman, second in army command, and undoubtedly first in public confidence. He was the President's first choice for Stanton's successor; and the condemnation of President Johnson will be a virtual condemnation of the greatest of our military chieftains."

Perkins passed his cup for just one more swallow of the fragrant Mocha.

"I will leave you this paper, wife, to look over; it is extremely interesting."

Mrs. Perkins drew up her portly figure with great dignity.

"I have no time, sir, to attend to Washington balderdash; and don't care three straws whether they impeach the President or not."

"That remark shows your deplorable ignorance of national affairs. President Johnson is already impeached. You mean to say that you do not care three straws whether the President is removed or no?"

"You're a fool, Perkins! I mean to say this: we have got to move. Do you realize that such is the case?"

"No, Mrs. Perkins; so far I have failed to. But won't you please brush me off a bit? But really," looking at his watch, "I should have been off fifteen minutes ago! But this terrible blundering at Washington causes a fellow to forget—"

"His own wife and family—that's what it does!"

And poor Mrs. P. burst into a fit of hysterical sobbing.

"Whew! What is the trouble now? Women are curious creatures," remarked Mr. Perkins, contemplatively and philosophically. "A fountain of tears always ready to squirt at a moment's notice. What the — is the matter?"

A few spasmodic heavings of the full chest, and the gentleman caught the words:

"Move—moving—talked the whole morning—almost exhausted—I wish I was dead," etc.

"Well, if you cannot stop crying long enough to inform me of the cause of your tears I must be going."

Mrs. Perkins wiped the briny drops from her cheeks, braced her fat back against the dining-room door, and with very little, if any, grief apparent upon her ruddy features, exclaimed:

"Not one inch out of this house, Perkins, do you stir until you have told me where I shall go to look for a place for your poor children to live."

"Poor children, my dear! Do you allude to flesh, Mrs. Perkins?"

And the aggravating creature laughed heartily as the plump figures of his well-fed, well-cared for darlings passed before his mind's eye.

"Mr. Perkins, where shall I go to look for a house?"

This time louder, with an emphasis on house.

"Mrs. Perkins, what the deuce is the matter with this one?"

"Fleas, Perkins, that's what!"

"Why, they never trouble me, wife!" was the calm reply.

"Trouble you! Of course not, a great big phlegmatic, unfeeling thing! It would be just about as impossible for the torments to make an impression upon your—your—"

"Hide! Mrs. Perkins; be as elegant as possible!"

"Well, *M/de*, sir, if you like it—as it is for your wife to make an impression upon your heart. Now, Perkins, do you think I have no other way of spending my time than turning my underclothes wrong side out fifty times a day to look for the treacherous vermin? I counted yesterday the number of times I undressed to hunt for fleas, twenty-one times, Perkins! You needn't look so incredulous! No sooner than I would get nicely buttoned up and my collar arranged, than another little black, torturing demon would commence a hopping and biting excursion over my body, and—"

"Unusually fine field for enterprising animals of that description. They show excellent taste, wife!"

And the provoking "better half" burst into a regular roar.

"Oh, laugh away; I do not of course expect any sympathy. But Perkins, you are not acquainted with fleas; I got seated in a car yesterday afternoon, intending to do some shopping down town, and in five minutes' time I was frantic."

"That's where you got them, I suppose," replied Perkins. In the cars, of course. All kinds of people ride in them, and dogs are allowed there; and you know, my dear, that canines are never without fleas, so that is all accounted for. Come now, move away; I must really be off."

"Not an inch, Perkins. Are you willing to pay any more rent than we are paying here? I can hire a very fine establishment for two thousand—an advance of four hundred only—in the best part of Twenty-third street. Oh, mercy! Perkins, there goes a flea! nipping now at my spine, now on my right shoulder blade. Oh, Lord! what shall I do? Now, before I can do the least earthly thing I shall be compelled to hunt for that flea; and by the time I get nicely dressed the same performance will have to be gone through with."

"I should think house-hunting under such circumstances would be particularly disagreeable! Suppose you are attacked in the street, Mrs. Perkins, what then?"

"An insinuation there, I suppose, Perkins; but I am too well acquainted with your detestable innuendoes to take any notice of them."

"Then you wait until you return before you institute a search for the ubiquitous animals?" inquired Mr. Perkins, taking up again the morning paper.

"Senator Beverdy Johnson (I quite like Beverdy, very sound man), "sent up to the Chief Justice, in a more precise form, the question excluded on Saturday."

"My dear, there never was a greater political blotch and blotch, than this impeachment business."

"Blotch! Mrs. Perkins. There are more blotches upon my body this moment, caused by fleas, than all the blundering politicians in the universe could make, with a million Ben Butlers to lead them on. Mr. Perkins, I'm a sight to behold!"

"Speaking of Butler, Mrs. Perkins, he is conducting this affair very much after the style of a Tombs shyster; don't you think so yourself? I should really like to know if Grant and Sherman were united in their opinion as to the propriety of removing Stanton?"

"Mr. Perkins, I should like to know if you and I are united as to the propriety of removing from this vermin-inhabited house? I have told you, sir, that I will not remain here and suffer such torture, and now I repeat it."

"It must be very uncomfortable, no doubt, but I will tell you: to-night, when I come up, I will bring a case of Lyon's powder, that is an infallible remedy. You can scatter it all over the carpets and bedclothes—"

"And into my drawers, I suppose, also, Mr. Perkins, and spoil all the garments I have taken so much pains to tuck and trim with the finest Valenciennes?"

"Yes, my dear!"

And Mrs. Perkins again burst into a laugh.

"What are you roaring at now? I can't see anything laughable, to save my life," inquired poor Mrs. P. "If you suffered as I do!"

"No doubt, my dear. But the powder will fix 'em. I should advise you to sprinkle plentifully all your underclothes, and if that don't keep the

devilish vagabonds away, why, then you must cover your body with it. It won't harm your finery, not in the least. I guess I will take this paper down town with me. I overlooked the most important news. They really have allowed Sherman to give in his testimony! What will be the issue of that, I wonder? Johnson's acquittal, if he was being tried by decent men; but they are determined to remove him anyhow. And now Mrs. Perkins I really must go. If you want another paper, you must send out for it, my dear. I would leave you this, only I haven't time to buy another; you'll find the editorials very interesting. Good-morning; I won't forget the powder, my dear. By-the-way," adroitly gaining the hall, and holding the knob of the door, "I quite forgot to tell you that yesterday I re-engaged this house, and signed the papers for another year. Good-morning once more!" and Mrs. Perkins was left to her solitude and fleas.

The Black Napoleon.

The present generation must expect to be encumbered with sons of Napoleon, in rivalry with false Dauphins. Each fallen dynasty has bequeathed to us its glorious illegitimacies, and its counterfeit descendants. Not that the new branches of such families are much alarmed by such apocryphal pretensions; there are a thousand reasons why they should not be so. In the first place their number destroys the probability of their being what they represent themselves, and among these presumptive heirs, the fools injure the rogues. But popular belief is fed from such doubtful sources; and provided the nose or the mouth bear some faint resemblance to the same features in the ex-sovereign, the dress does the rest. National faith is truly robust. There were sixty false Neros, thirty-two pretenders to the name of Charles V.; and we have lost the number of fictitious Louis XVII's. Let us judge, after that, whether the assumption of paternity ought to be censured, where the number of fathers exists in so alarming a proportion.

This preamble shows, by anticipation, the little desire I have to seduce the credulity of the reader, and my indifference whether or not he share in my conviction. I am only anxious by the simplicity of this narrative, and the authority of the dates, facts, and names, which I adduce, to inspire him with a little confidence.

Nothing has been less satisfactorily proved, than Napoleon's stoical indifference to women. They who have endeavored to endow the Conqueror at Wagram with such coldness of heart, have judged him only by his bust. They have transformed him into a lady writing her own memoirs. He would certainly have been amused, if flattery had gone to such lengths in his presence. A Corsican and Italian by descent, of an ardent constitution, his ideas always in a blaze, making a passion of everything he did, it is likely that he should have been thus indifferent? To maintain such a proposition, is to take an undue advantage of the silence, which deep and noble regret is fearful of breaking; whilst, on the other hand, it is exposing us afresh to those tales of the boudoir which have already produced their profits to publishers, in the form of private memoirs.

During the moments of leisure between the thousand prodigies which have made the Egyptian campaign a poem, or a fairy tale, Napoleon then called Bonaparte, formed acquaintance with the dark Egyptian girls, beautiful, submissive, and passing their lives upon the sand, or upon sofas—their imaginations excited at the sight of a man, who projected his shadow, like a huge pyramid, from Cairo to Upper Egypt.

I agree with the world, that it is a prodigious thing to have conquered the English, the Mamelukes, the plague, the ophthalmia, thirst, and the Desert; and they will surely agree with me, that there is nothing extraordinary in Napoleon leaving a descendant. I grant the marvelous—concede to me the possible. Grant me that Napoleon had a son in Egypt, and that this son was a half-caste, short, formed like his father, and copper-colored like his mother.

When I left school in 1824, I was acquainted at Marseilles with a young Egyptian, twenty-six years of age, named Napoleon Tard ***. A certain identity of political opinions, and the same tastes for solitude, soon cemented a strong friendship between us. All the disadvantages of our intimacy lay on his side; for I drank deep of knowledge from his conversation, and he instructed me in the Greek and Arabic languages; rendering his lessons truly delightful by recollections of his travels in Nubia, Ethiopia, and across the Jordan—by vast original information—and by those views which you cannot derive from books, because books are mutes, and have not the surprise of gesture, nor the flash of the eye, nor the music of the voice, nor the quivering of the muscles. His memory, which he pretended he had lost, was encyclopedical. If you asked him for a word, he would give you a volume. When he spoke, I more than listened—I read. But the moment this overflowing of poetry, science, thought, and enthusiasm ceased, he would relapse into the deepest and most silent melancholy. Nothing could rouse him from it. A mild and constant smile alone denoted in him the motion of life. It was during this lethargic tranquility that you were struck with the muscular power of his thickset body, and with the fine form of his shoulders, arched and molded like those of an antique statue. He was short—scarcely five feet four; but in such men the head is the body. His was of a size prodigiously out of proportion with his bust, although the latter was very large; whilst his thin and nervous legs were like those of all the Orientals, without exception, inhabiting the borders of a desert. His head displayed the largest cerebral development ever seen in a European, together with the finest characteristics of an African. His nose, boldly

aquiline, hung over lips much more natural in their form than delicate. You might have perceived that his thought issued more habitually from his eyes than from his mouth, which was neither distorted with anger, nor screwed up with contempt. His chin turned up a little too much toward his mouth, which gave to the lower part of his face an enervate and somewhat monkish expression. But it was impossible not to pass over this defect, when you perceived that which justified his claim to a resemblance of which he was proud. His eyes, of a transparent and dazzling blue, indicated that mental superiority with which God now and then invests certain men, to prove to the levelers of all ages the untruth of equality among mankind. The fascination of his eye dragged you within the vortex of his will, where you were forced to remain and encounter the shock of his emotions and the concussion of his mental excitement. His eyes, which you wished you had never seen, and which it was impossible to forget when once you had come within their influence, flashed fire; and the dark orbs which encircled these two burning mirrors enabled you to comprehend at what price God sometimes bestows genius, and what constant suffering he kindles in those hearts which serve as its altars. From this description, which my feeble pen has left so imperfect, the reader will be reminded of the noble countenance of Napoleon, which will be handed down to the latest posterity. It is one of the family portraits of human nature.

Your idea of Tard *** would be incomplete if you forgot that he was a half-caste. Upon his huge, thick, and hard skull was stretched a tanned skin always in perspiration. The straight hair of the Corsican fell over two large, flat, and primitive ears. His was the frame of Napoleon covered with the skin of Sesostris.

Let those who comprehend Napoleon's mission upon earth, who know what energy he derived from the Corsican, Genoese, and Florentine blood mingled in his veins, measure, if they dare, the confusion into which the same man would have thrown the social economy, had he been born in Africa, his veins swollen with black blood, galloping naked upon a horse without a saddle, pointing with his sword to the west, and showing it to his people, as a tamer of wild beasts would show a quarter of fresh meat to a lion—moving men not with ideas of independence and glory—which symbols have no meaning but among old nations rubbed smooth with worn-out civilization—but with miracles in deeds—lengthening the desert wherever he passed—realizing the unity of empires by a single universal peace by silence—leaving in each conquered city a flame for ensign, and fire for a garison.

The consciousness of his high birth and twofold origin now kept Tard *** in a state of sombre preoccupation. As soon as our intimacy warranted every kind of confidence, he constantly talked to me of his mad projects in the East.

"The East is mine," he would say, "as the West belonged to my father Napoleon. I will state my descent, my name, and my projects; I will place myself at the head, not of the Turks, but of the Arabs. The former have run their race. With the Arabs I will restore the civilization of the Ptolemies. I speak their language; I belong to their race; I am of their blood—and they will listen to me. I will call each city, each town, each hamlet, each man, and each child by their several names. All will come to me; and the Nile, and the sands of the desert, and the winds shall roll toward Cairo and Alexandria as did the armies of Cambyses. The cross of the Cophts, and the three colors shall operate new prodigies. I will do for Egypt that which my father had not the generosity to do. He wanted it only as a road to India, instead of making it independent. Egypt shall with me, and by me, be free; free by my sword, by the cross, and by the three colors. No more beys, nor pashas, nor slaves. Freedom, as in the time of the Caliphs, will I establish.—See you this casquette?" he continued, "I will place it upon the pinnacle of Mecca. Until that time, it shall never quit my possession; then shall civilization revolve round it. Then shall we open our libraries; then shall we call to us science now enslaved in old Europe. It shall come to us from Germany, and Italy, and Spain. The Arabic of the Caliphs, the Greek of Plato, and the Latin of Tacitus, shall run through the streets of Alexandria. Then shall the light again come from the East, and the prophecies be accomplished!"

I have seen him full of these strange ideas, full of projects of conquest, gallop half-naked upon the sand alone; the sea-shore, calling with his strong and sonorous voice upon the nations who dwell upon the banks of the Nile, the borders of the desert, and skirt the mountains of Ethiopia, waving his hand in the wind as if balancing the scimitar, and shouting in Arabic:

"Ye people and nations! behold the son of Kibir!"

Then stopping on a sudden, he would resume the mild and constant smile which I have already noticed, whilst the upper part of his face assumed the most perfect immobility. Insensibly the color which his enthusiasm and violent excitement had raised upon his cheeks would fade and merge into the hue of sadness, which like a cloud descended from his brow. Here again was to be seen the deep thought of Napoleon, so admirably represented in the picture of the battle of Eylau.

At a period when the vanity of petty individuals had not yet dishonored the peculiar appearance of the Emperor—when tailors and hatters had not yet made the Marengo great coat, and three-cornered hat, I often saw Tard *** by an hereditary impulse, fold his arms upon his bosom, his head motionless as if it were upon a pedestal, and lost in profound thought.

Let us use the privilege of poetry, to suppose for a moment that Napoleon's legitimate son, the Duke of Reichstadt, had realized some of those sublime hopes dreamt of by those who idolized

his father—by men enthusiastic enough to adore Napoleon as a prodigy, and thoughtless enough to dishonor his renown, by supposing that the same greatness could exist a second time by the mere force of descent; let us suppose that the political fetters so well and so adroitly fixed around the existence of the Duke of Reichstadt had burst of themselves, and that the son of Napoleon, as a soldier at St. Roch, an artillery officer at Toulon, and a General in Italy, had earned the right of leading our armies to the plains of Egypt, whither we had sent them a second time to obtain that which was there sought by his father—namely, a sun warm enough to dry the blood-stains of another revolution—(for after civil murder, glory must be won; the alternative must lie between external war, and the public executioner at home)—let us suppose this, and who knows if Providence would not have placed face to face, two principles sprung like Oromasis and Arimanes, from the same origin, and have revived for us incredulous people those mythic beings, who at first, under real human forms, lead men in herds to some act of regeneration, whether of blood or of fire, and who, after they disappear, become moral truths like Typhon, Isis, and Osiris? Why should not this young prince, this legitimate son of Napoleon, have promoted that eternal tendency of Europe to obtain possession of Egypt, for the purpose of making an easy road to India, the cradle of human civilization? And why should not the young Egyptian, the illegitimate son of Napoleon, have represented that want, already felt by Africa under its Mamelukes and its Pashas, of shaking off the besotted yoke of the Sultans? It would have been a wonderful spectacle for mankind to see two men sprung from the same father—one pale as Europe, the other bronzed like Africa—meeting under the curve of their sabres in their first march toward each other, asking each other's name, and each replying, "Napoleon!"

Yes! I believe in the existence of an energetic and divine power produced by the meeting of certain syllables and of certain numbers. Without unfolding the mysteries of the Cabal, I believe that those two names, forming but one, would have aroused from their sleep of stone, Alexandria and its pharos, and its streets all facing the sea, and its bazaars, and its arsenals, and its towers, and its nine hundred thousand inhabitants. I believe that the powerful breath of this double apparition would have dispersed the fine sand which now wears away so many noble monuments of granite; that in the dust of this dust, would have sprung up columns and capitals hewed out of the petrified date-tree, and all that population of statues formed from the natural productions of Egypt.

Egypt only produces statues made from its sand—and sand which is made solely from its statues. Nothingness and form come and go alternately—to-day there is a pyramid, to-morrow a few heaps of sand. The Great Desert is but a collection of pounded cities.

But let us quit the field of hypothesis, and return to the reality of my narrative.

Tard *** added to his powerful energy of character, the most simple pursuits, and much innocence in his amusements. He was passionately fond of flowers. A sunset in the bosom of our Mediterranean, threw him into ecstasy. His Oriental life always swam upon the surface of the habits he had acquired in Europe. He used the bath and perfumes to excess, and when the heat of the weather was great, the veil of drowsiness threw over his eyes that languor peculiar to the women of the East, as well as to lions and tigers.

Before we proceed further, I must state that Tard *** was mad, but his madness was nothing more than a philosophical monomania. It was so whimsical that it would not be worth recording, did it not unravel the *dénouement* of his life, and fully justify the unhappy occurrence which led to that *dénouement*. I know not from what course of reading or study he had imbibed his system. He believed neither in the mortality of the soul, nor in the mortality of the body. Death, so far as he could define it to me, he seemed to consider a mere change of country, a forced journey from one place to another. The man murdered or presumed dead at Paris, would be found at Berlin or London. He positively denied a total disappearance. Thus, he said he had met some-where walking together, Rousseau and Baynal, Buffon and Linnaeus; and according to him, grave-diggers were sinecurists, and comeries a farce. With such a system of belief, aided by the officious resources of logic, murder was in his eyes only a forcible expulsion from a country, and a sentence of death only a passport to other climes. I believe that this fatal extravagance of belief may have proceeded from an accident which readily admits of an explanation, but which made a lasting impression upon his mind. During his childhood, and on the occasion perhaps of some insurrection in favor of his claim to the throne of the Pharaohs, he had stabbed a camel-driver at Cairo. Some years after this murder, or rather this duel, he met, or thought he met, the same man at Aleppo.

Now, whether the camel-driver was the victim of the application of his system, or the first cause of his error, I am not prepared to say; for I never knew. Be that as it may, Tard *** positively denied the mortality of the body.

He had attained to that age when the contrast of a precarious condition with gigantic views and hopes in after years cease to be in equilibrium. The poetry, which had kept his mind within bounds, was fast disappearing.

"It is not matter of regret," he observed to me one day, "for a man to know who his father is. The lot of illegitimate children is pitted; but there lurks a prejudice in such compassion. Show me a single family, from the grandfather down to the grandson, in which there is not a female without morals, or a debauched son—one mem-

ber, in short, whose life disgraces the name he bears! Then there are those gratuitous regrets, which people are obliged to feel on the death of their relatives. Each legitimate child has fifty deaths to lament before his own race of life is run. The love-born child is exempt from such troubles. Besides, until there be evidence to the contrary, he has a right to suppose himself the son of a duke, of a prince, even of a king. Were I not the son of the Emperor, I would prefer being illegitimate. But that which goads my heart with unceasing despair is the knowledge of what I am, and the immense distance which separates what I am from that which I might be. By what sign or token, or by what name am I to make myself acknowledged by the multitude, who would sooner believe me if I announced myself the son of God than the son of Napoleon?"

Such reflections as these were the forerunners of the resolutions which Tard *** was about to take. Tired of the delays caused by the refusal of his two uncles—respectable merchants, one of whom had been several times elected member of the national representation—to advance him money for his intended voyage to Egypt, Tard *** complained of their parsimony. He could not understand their refusing him the money necessary to take possession of the throne of the Caliphs. These worthy merchants, without denying the august descent of their nephew, would have preferred adding him to their establishment as a bookkeeper, to seeing him a Pharaoh I, an Aroun, or an Abasside. They therefore declined to supply him with funds for such a purpose.

One day, as I was walking with him on the port of Marseilles, he began to play with a small knife, about two inches long, which he held between his fingers; he then begged me to wait for him a moment. Returning in a short time, he said, shutting his knife:

"I have just dispatched my two uncles for America—which means, in your language, that I have just killed them."

At the same instant, two gendarmes increased my astonishment and stupefaction, by arresting with these words the expeditious nephew:

"In the name of the law! Napoleon Tard ***, you are my prisoner; you have murdered your two uncles!"

On his trial at the Assize Court of Aix, Napoleon Tard *** swerved not from his character. His metaphysical monomania on the subject of death did not save him. What kindred feeling could exist between twelve provincial jurymen and this eccentric being, who did not even condescend to explain to them what he considered the moral part of the action he had committed? A jury of Marseilles merchants decided that either his head must be chopped off or he must be branded upon the shoulder. On that day, these estimable traders were obliged to neglect the exchange. I do not, however, mean to insinuate that this consideration had any weight in the finding of their verdict, or that their being debarred the opportunity of selling at least twelve bags of cochineal had anything to do with Tard ***'s condemnation to death.

He proceeded to the scaffold without fear, and without a murmur, deeply impressed with the idea that he could not die, because his body was immortal as well as his soul. He displayed only that smile, half-sinister and half-lovely, which I before mentioned.

He must, moreover, have been well pleased at seeing such an abundance of fruit and flowers as were collected at the place to which he was taken. For the place of execution at Aix is embalmed twice a week, with all the vegetable wonders of Provence—the Delta of Southern France. The Nile is not more lavish in its gifts than the Rhone and the Durance. He thought, no doubt, that these perfumes were for him. Without a cravat, his neck free, and his eyes brilliant and sparkling, he walked through the crowd as if he were taking a stroll in the country. He would have been content had he been allowed a carnation in his button-hole, and a switch in his hand.

He was in the market-place of Aix, and on a market day.

This is the custom. At Aix, criminals are guillotined on market days, in order that the peasants, on their return to their villages, may have something to talk about the civilization of towns. They must not return home with an empty budget.

At Aix, the guillotine is raised amid heaps of apples, baskets of grapes, and bundles of flowers. The inhabitants of the South are always poetical. They will, at last, fasten a hat of a shepherdess to the top of the guillotine. And to what kind of guillotine? Why, to a truly provincial one, old and dirty as a judge of the old parliament.

In the glowing beams of a sunshine in Provence, the imperial head of the victim fell by the knife of the guillotine, and the blood of Napoleon stained the pavement.

One day, when the executioner came to Marseilles, to purchase a better blade, and two stronger planks, a certain young man whom I may be allowed not to name, received a casquette, as the dying bequest of Tard ***.

It was the one which was to have crowned the minaret at Mecca and rallied the civilization of the East.

THE NEW UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE.

THE members of the Union League Club of New York city held their first reception in their new building on Thursday evening, April 16th, and were favored with a large and fashionable assembly. The spacious reception-rooms had been tastefully fitted up for the occasion, and the various apartments were enlivened by the display of national colors, relics of the war, large banks of fragrant flowers, and a superb collection of oil paintings by our leading artists. The entire building, including the theatre, was thrown open to the guests, a band of music was in attendance, and every step was taken that would add success to the occasion. The ladies, as usual, lent a very attractive air to the reception, and exhibited the most costly and superb toilets.

Among the invited guests who accepted the courtesies of the club were numerous representatives of the army and navy whom it had so cordially sustained during the war; delegations from the Union League of Philadelphia and the Union Club of Boston; eminent civilians of this country, and a few distinguished foreigners. Of the Army, there were Generals Anderson, Barlow, Heintzelman, Butterfield, Waller, Webb, Fessenden, Pleasanton, Cullen, Barnard, Santell, Newton, Ingalls and Greene; Admiral Gordon and others of the Navy; Baron Osten Sacken, the Consul-General of Russia; Mr. C. K. Tucker, our new Minister to Greece; Professors Mahon and Kendrick from West Point. About seventy letters of regret were received from Governors, Senators, Representatives, and eminent civilians, whose public duties prevented their attendance.

The new Club House is situated on the corner of

Madison square and Twenty-sixth street, and was originally designed by Leonard Jerome, Esq., for the Jockey Club House, but was leased by the Union League Club previous to its completion, and fitted up according to the necessities of the patriotic organization. The building is highly attractive in its exterior view, and will bear comparison with any similar edifice in the country. The stairways are of oak, and are covered with a Wilton carpet of a neat pattern and luxurious softness. The balustrades are massive in proportions, and are capped with a handrail of black walnut. On the first floor is a commodious reading-room, fitted up with black walnut furniture, and ornamented with heavy brown-colored rep window-hangings, edged with purple plush. Over the centre of each window, as well as on the backs of the chairs and *file-d-lites*, is the monogram, "U. L. C."

The reception-room is opposite the reading-room, and is fitted up in a corresponding manner. At the extreme end of the hallway, into which these rooms open, is a gallery set apart for the exhibition of pictures. The walls are covered with red baize, and, besides the light from the windows, there is a beautiful crystal chandelier hanging from the centre of the ceiling, to which is attached a patent arrangement, by which the most mellow light will be obtained.

Adjoining the gallery are the hat and cloak-room, a spacious bowling-alley, and a first-class billiard-saloon with four tables.

The second floor is set apart for dining purposes, and is divided into five compartments, each containing six tables, and affording facilities of entertaining twenty-four persons.

On the third floor is one of the most elegant apartments in the building, and is designed for the reception of distinguished personages. The furniture of this apartment is of polished black walnut, upholstered in costly style. The window draperies are of brown silk, trimmed with fringes of red velvet.

It is the intention of the Club to give in the theatre, during the year, a series of dramatic and other exhibitions, in aid of certain city charities. These performances will be gotten up under the auspices of lady friends of the Club.

On the fourth and fifth floors are a number of sleeping apartments, each containing a complete set of black walnut furniture, and an exceedingly comfortable easy-chair. From the windows on the upper floor the visitor may enjoy one of the most extensive and beautiful views of the city and suburbs, and be refreshed with a current of air of a purity seldom experienced within the city limits.

The Club have secured a lease of the building at a rental of \$18,000 per annum for ten years, with the privilege of purchasing the entire property within three years.

John S. Eldridge, President of the Erie Railway.

WE publish in this number the portrait of a man who controls to-day more miles of railway than any other man in the world, and who has been brought prominently before the public as the President of the Erie Railway, and as the leader, in fact, in the great fight against Cornelius Vanderbilt.

John S. Eldridge was born in Yarmouth, Mass., September 23d, 1818, and is consequently nearly fifty years of age, but has the appearance and activity of a man of thirty. He is descended from the genuine New England stock, and has inherited to an eminent degree all their perseverance, pluck, and shrewdness. He received in early life all the benefits of a good free school training, and long before he attained his majority entered the law department of Cambridge to prepare himself for the bar. He graduated with distinguished honors and removed to Boston, where he opened an office and was soon in the enjoyment of a lucrative practice.

In the Boston bar, where has stood a Clay, Webster, and Choate, Mr. Eldridge was noted for his remarkable forensic power and eloquent style of pleading. Had he continued in the profession first chosen, he would doubtless long before this have enjoyed a national reputation as a jurist.

But the law was too slow and tortuous a route to a fortune, and after a few years of remarkable success as a lawyer, and while yet a young man, he deserted his briefs and became interested in the New England railroad matters. He was successively connected with the Rutland and Burlington, Vermont Central, and many other railroads. In these interests he soon amassed a fortune.

Mr. Eldridge, however, was but little known outside of the New England States, until he assumed control of the Boston and Hartford road, and labored with what success we can now see for an unbroken broad-gauge connection between the great West and the vast manufacturing districts of New England and the seaboard.

To his energy, not less than to his rare foresight, the public is indebted for cheap fares from Boston, Hartford and New York to the West, and it is a pleasure to record that the treasury of the company is reaping a substantial reward for the reduction in rates. The Boston and Hartford road will intersect the Erie at Newburgh when completed, and the broad-gauge connection to Toledo, Ohio, and so on to the plains, will soon be completed.

On the 8th of October, 1867, Mr. Eldridge was, by a flattering vote, elected President of the Erie Railway, and has since then managed its affairs to the satisfaction of the stockholders, as well as to that of the commercial and traveling public.

He is not, as many suppose, a resident of New York, but lives in Boston, and in his elegant mansion there dispenses a hospitality almost imperial in character.

Just before the great Erie war began, Mr. Eldridge came to New York on business affairs, and here he has remained ever since, until now, an exile in foreign New Jersey. He is the commander-in-chief of the beleaguered, and directs his forces with singular tact and knowledge of the enemy, ably advised by the treasurer of the company, that old war-horse and hero of a hundred battles, Daniel Drew.

As said in the introduction to this sketch, Mr. Eldridge actually controls more miles of railway than any other living man. In personal appearance he is engaging; in business relations he is the soul of honor and integrity; a warm, sincere friend; a bitter, unrelenting foe, and of quick, generous impulses. In a word, he unites all the attributes of an American gentleman and scholar to a fairly inherited Yankee keenness of perception and indomitableness of will.

CHARLES GAYLER, ESQ.

THE subject of our present brief sketch is the son of the late C. J. Gayler, the well-known merchant and former manufacturer of Gayler's Fire-proof Safes. He was born in 1830, and is now in his 38th year. Although now almost exclusively devoted to literature, and having received a first-class education, which has eminently forwarded and assisted his great ability, he was originally intended for a more steady and regular, if scarcely so ennobling a pursuit.

After his juvenile probation under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Waldron, Rector of Rye, in Westchester county, he studied at the New York University, and made his mark among his youthful associates, both by his undoubted talent and a decided relish for the lighter and more agreeable branches of scholastic and everyday literature.

He was then placed with the late Benjamin F. Butler, formerly U. S. District Attorney, and graduated

with considerable distinction at the Law School in 1841, under the also departed Alexander W. Bradford.

Commencing the practice of law in Ohio, he speedily took part in the active politics of the day, always far more attractive to the young and vigorous intellect than the drier and less exciting details generally of the legal profession. He supported that great and lamented statesman, Henry Clay, and when, in spite of the talent and genius which were so largely exhibited on his side, Mr. Clay was defeated in 1844, he, in a fit of uncontrollable disgust, abandoned the law, and rushed into editorship, for which he had been gradually trained by the habit of writing and speaking on politics. Receiving the position of editor upon the *Cincinnati Dispatch*, he became one of the leading writers upon the *Commercial*. It happened at this time that his attention was called to the stage, and he was engaged to write a play for the National Theatre in that city. The play was a triumph, having run for a period of ten weeks, at that time a run almost unprecedented even in New York. It was immediately followed by others with general but various success.

Feeling that he needed a wider field for the exercise of his powers in this line, he returned to New York in 1848. Regularly connected from that period with our city journalism, he has also written or adapted more than one hundred and twenty plays for our leading artists and theatres, most of which have been highly successful. Several popular novels are also due to his pen, although most of them have been published anonymously. He has also been very successful as a manager, although never for any very long period, his taste being a confirmed literary one.

We ought to say that he is married and has a family to whom he is tenderly attached. Living in his own cottage at Bowensville, Long Island, he is essentially a hard-working and industrious scholar—thoroughly acquainted with every phase of city life, and a capital student of character. Let us add that his power as a careful and original delineator of human feeling and action increases every year, and that much as he may have undoubtedly done, his original promises are more thoroughly fulfilling itself to the future with every new day's labor. His latest work is a novel and romance combined, which is now publishing in the "CHIMNEY CORNER." It is named "OUT OF THE STREETS," and in variety of incident and thrilling event, minutely and gracefully told by his energetic pen, promises to be in every respect one of his most remarkable productions.

THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

THE people of the metropolis and of the city of Brooklyn regard the construction of a bridge across the East River as an enterprise whose practicability has been demonstrated, and whose desirability is beyond question. The skill and experience of Mr. John A. Roebling, the accomplished engineer, who has been selected to superintend this gigantic undertaking, have inspired the interested communities with confidence in the successful consummation of the work under his direction, and the elaborate report that has been the result of his researches and calculations has placed the subject before the public in the most encouraging manner of fact point of view. The report having been published, and the subject thoroughly discussed in the columns of the public press, it is unnecessary for us to enter into minute details of the plan; our engraving will give, perhaps, a better idea of the general appearance and prominent features of the proposed bridge than any written description. Still, we shall briefly present a few statistics explanatory of this magnificent project.

And first, as to the engineer: Mr. John A. Roebling, a Prussian by birth, is a resident of Trenton, New Jersey. His reputation as a bridge builder has been established by the most successful practical illustration of his abilities in this country. Under his direction were built the suspension bridges at Niagara and that triumph of engineering skill, the bridge across the Ohio, at Cincinnati. The more stupendous enterprise in contemplation can be safely entrusted to a man whose credentials are the massive and beautiful structures already reared by his master-hand.

The terminus of the bridge on the Brooklyn side, by the terms of the company's charter, must be at or near the junction of Main and Fulton streets.

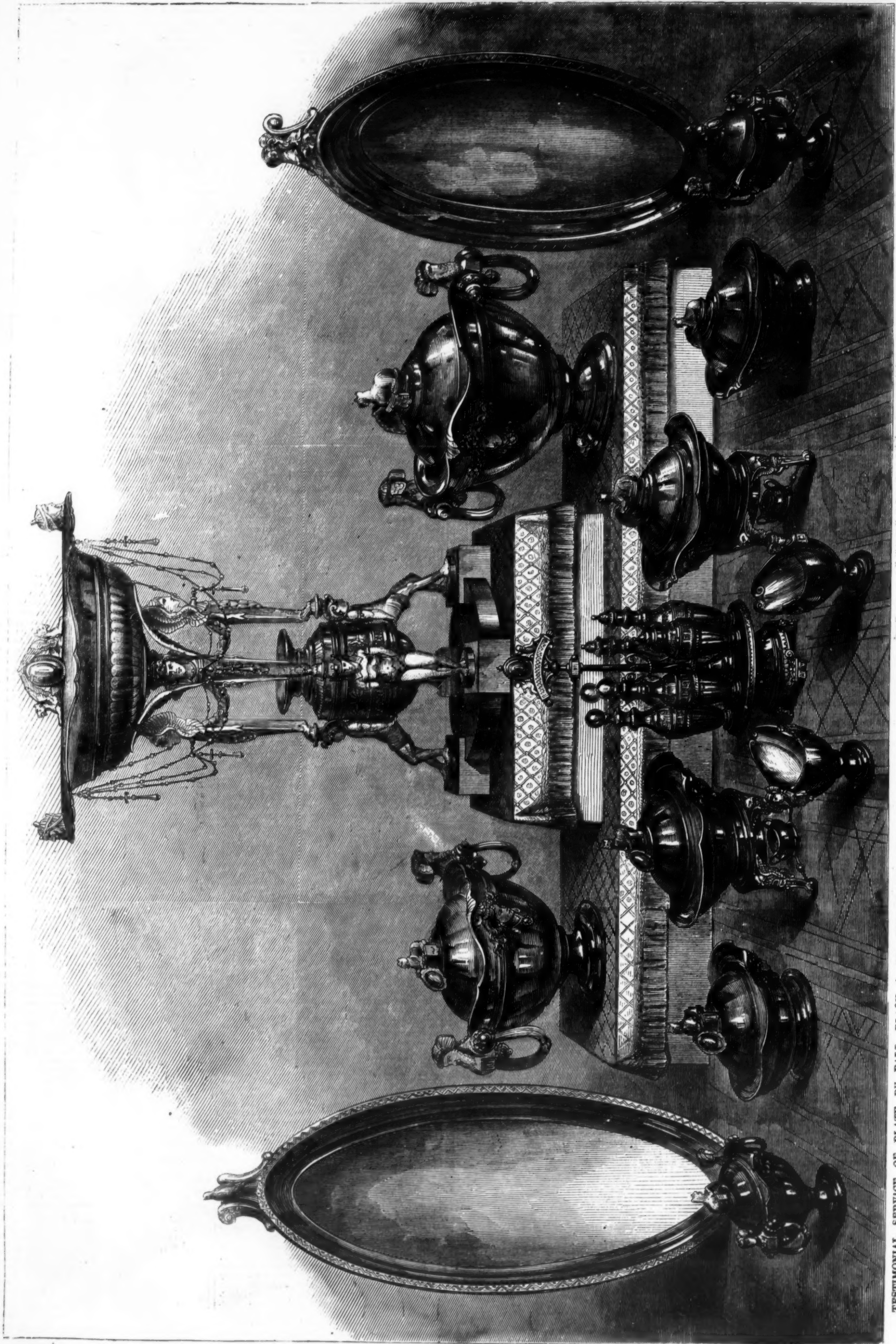
The New York terminus: The Park line commences opposite the Registrar's office, on Chatham street, then crosses North William, Rose, Vandewater, Cliff, Franklin square, Cherry, Water, Front and South; thence to the end of the old Pier No. 29, now broken down, the line continues in a straight course across the river, and passes on to the Brooklyn shore, nearly through the centre of the spare slip of the Fulton Ferry Company; thence passing over Water, Dock and Front; a part of James street, near Garrison will be occupied by the Brooklyn anchorage. Leaving the anchorage, the line continues to pass over James, and then crossing York and Main streets obliquely, deflects toward Fulton. After crossing Prospect, near its intersection with Fulton, terminating finally in the block which is bounded by Fulton, Sands and Washington streets.

The total length will be 5,862 feet. The central, river span, will be suspended on one swing of 1,600 feet from centre to centre of tower. Those parts between the anchor-walls and the respective termini are technically called "approaches." The streets will be crossed by iron girders at such elevation as will leave them unobstructed. The iron framing forming the floor of the bridge will be 80 feet wide. This will be divided into five spaces. The two outside spaces will be 15 feet wide between the chords, and will form a roadway for all kinds of common travel. The next spaces will be 13 feet wide. On it will be laid steel rails for running cars back and forth alternately. These cars are proposed to be operated by an endless wire rope, impelled by an engine under the flooring on the Brooklyn side. The degree of speed attainable by these cars is put at twenty miles an hour as the minimum rate. Twice that speed is declared to be perfectly practicable and safe.

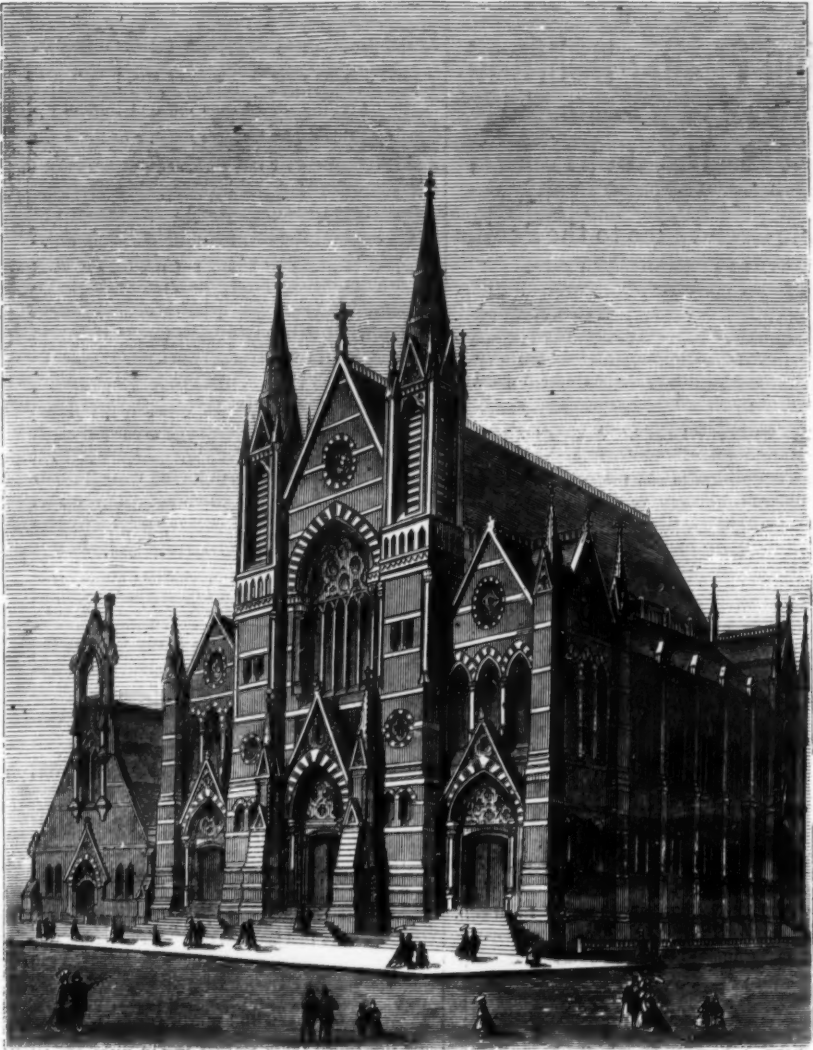
The fifth division of the bridge is called in the plan adopted the "Elevated Promenade." It is intended exclusively for walkers. At each terminus, the bridge floor is widened out to 100 feet; this central promenade will be 17 feet wide. The carriage of the bridge is based upon the carriage of the Union Ferry Company. This corporation officially figures its passengers at 40,000,000 yearly. This averages 109,539 per day. It is plain at least this number can be passed over the bridge, and many more.

The dimensions of the towers will be a base of 134 feet long, measuring on the water line, and a width of 55 feet in the extremest part. Below the upper cornice, at the top of the tower, these dimensions will be reduced to 120 and 46 feet. One of these towers is shown well in the foreground of our picture, and the architectural details will be apparent. The elevation of the flooring of the tower will be 118 feet above high water; the height of the roofing above the floor will be 160 feet; thus the total height of the towers will be 268 feet from high water to top of roof, not including balustrade and ornamental blocks. The towers will be built hollow. The impression of the whole will be that of massive-ness and strength.

The cost of the bridge will be between \$6,000,000 and \$7,500,000. The number of the estimate is \$6,875,397. Great as this amount is, there can be no doubt that it would be advantageously and profitably applied in the construction of this grand hanging thoroughfare between the two great cities.



TESTIMONIAL SERVICE OF PLATE BY BALL, BLACK & CO., NEW YORK CITY, PRESENTED BY THE EMPLOYEES OF THE CALIFORNIA OVERLAND STAGE LINE TO BENJAMIN HOLLADAY, ESQ.—SEE PAGE 126.



ST. ANN'S CHURCH, NOW IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION ON THE N. E. CORNER OF CLINTON AND LIVINGSTON STREETS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

History of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The church of St. Ann is the oldest, and was, for more than forty years, the only Episcopal church in Brooklyn, and reverts to a time when that now great and increasing city contained not more than one hundred houses built around the neighborhood of what is at present the terminus of all the Brooklyn City railroads, at Fulton Ferry.

Its first rector was the Rev. George Wright, who commenced preaching to the little congregation, in 1784, at No. 40 Fulton street. In 1787 an act of incorporation was granted by the Legislature of New York to the "Episcopal Church of Brooklyn," and a church edifice was erected, in which the ceremony of consecration was performed on the 24th day of May, 1789, by Bishop Provost.

In the annals of St. Ann's it is recorded, however,

that, soon after the earliest organization of the society, Rev. Mr. Wright gave place for a time to Rev. James Sayre, an adherent of King George in the War of Independence, who officiated in the parish from May, 1778, till the evacuation of the town by the British troops.

After Rev. Mr. Wright's resignation, in 1789, the charge of the parish was committed to the Rev. E. D. Rattoone, a man of equal learning and piety, who was Professor of Greek in Columbia College, and served as one of the Committee of Three appointed to revise and correct the Book of Common Prayer.

With the increase of the town the congregation of St. Ann's soon became so large as to demand a greater accommodation in their place of worship, and on the 29th April, 1804, they received from Trinity Church, New York, the handsome donation of \$2,000 for a brick church (the first building had been of wood) in Sands street, which was at once begun, and was completed on



REV. DR. SCHENCK, RECTOR OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

the 20th of May, 1805, at a cost of £4,794 7s. 2d. The dimensions of this structure were 60 by 46 feet.

The "Brick Church" in Sands street sufficed for the wants of the congregation but little more than twenty years; for on the 14th October, 1823, it was resolved to erect a larger one, fronting on Washington street, 90 by 66 feet. On the 13th April, 1824, the corner-stone was laid, and on the 13th July, 1825, the edifice was consecrated by Bishop Croes, of New Jersey. Three years afterward a Sunday-school building was erected, of ampler proportions than the original wooden structure, or even the "Brick Church" itself.

Of the pastors that have successively occupied the pulpit of St. Ann's during the present century, all eminent for zeal and ability, three rose to the episcopate: the Right Rev. C. P. McIlva'ne, the venerable head

of the Diocese of Ohio; the late Henry U. Onderdonk, D.D., Bishop of Pennsylvania; and the late J. P. E. Henshaw, Bishop of Rhode Island. Bishop McIlva'ne's term in the pastoral charge of St. Ann's embraced a period of five years and five months; and he was immediately succeeded by the late Rev. B. C. Cutler, D.D., whose fragrant memory is still so tenderly cherished by his surviving parishioners. Rev. Dr. Cutler's pastorate extended over nearly thirty years, from the 21st April, 1833, to the 10th of February, 1863, when he died, deeply lamented by the entire community in which he had so efficiently and acceptably labored for a whole generation.

A most exciting and affecting episode in the ministry of Rev. Dr. Cutler will be fresh in the memories of many of our readers. Returning from a European



THE LATE HON. GEORGE HALL, EX-MAYOR OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 126.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE HON. GEORGE HALL, 19TH ULT.—REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, PREACHING THE FUNERAL SERMON FROM THE STOOP OF THE LATE RESIDENCE OF DECEASED, 57 LIVINGSTON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 126.

tour in the packet-ship *Sheffield*, he narrowly escaped being lost, with the whole ship's company, on the Long Island coast, after a stormy voyage of twenty-one days. On the morning of the 11th October, 1843, after the New York pilot had been taken on board, the *Sheffield* struck heavily on Ronger shoal, on the south shore of Long Island, and for more than twenty-four hours was in momentary danger of going to pieces. The sea broke furiously over the vessel, the passengers had well-nigh abandoned all hope of rescue, and Rev. Dr. Cutler, who seemed about to perish almost in sight of his home, had been leading them in prayer for the Divine protection, when a steamer arrived in sight, and, recognizing the *Sheffield's* perilous position, bore up and took off its whole precious freight of human lives.

Upon the death of Rev. Dr. Cutler, the Wardens and Vestry of St. Ann's gave a call to Rev. L. H. Mills, who had charge of the parish till his resignation, in 1867 (1st April), when Rev. Dr. N. H. Schenck was named his successor, and soon afterward entered upon the duties of his office. Meanwhile, a new Sunday-school building had been erected, preparatory to the magnificent new church edifice adjoining, now in course of construction, a view of which is given in the engraving.

The building stands on the northeast corner of Clinton and Livingston streets, with a frontage of 78 feet on Clinton street, and a depth of 125 feet on Livingston street. It will be built throughout its four fronts of Cleveland and Belleville stone. The style of the building is what is technically called 2nd Pointed. The division of nave and aisles is marked within by iron columns supporting the clear-story, which will be a continuous row of tracery lights to be used in assisting the ventilation. The roof will be a principal roof. A gallery surrounds three sides of the church, with a second gallery at the Clinton street end. The organ will occupy most of the space in this second gallery. The chancel occupies a recess of 15 feet by the width of the nave (37 feet), and connects with a building containing the vestry room, library of rector, etc. There will be a basement under the whole church, 13 feet in the clear, to be used for weekly lectures and other parish purposes. The chancel will have a continuous line of clerical seats around its three sides, with Bishop's chair at centre, all surmounted with tracery canopies. The Communion-table will be placed in the centre in front of Bishop's chair. A light return will be used for pulpit, with prayer-desks on either side.

The arrangement of the chancel of this church presents some novel features, rendering it quite unlike any chancel in the Diocese. The chancel proper is to be raised about five feet above the church floor, with two flights of steps at the two flanks, with tracery and paneled parapet between. The Communion rail is raised one step only above the church floor, with a 3½ feet passage between it and the upper chancel.

The pews and furniture of the chancel will be of hard wood, oiled. The edifice will be heated by steam, and ventilated on the most approved principles, and will cost, when completed, a little more than \$200,000. To this must be added the cost of an organ of the highest power and first-class of excellence. New St. Ann's will furnish sittings for 2,250 persons.

The architects are Messrs. Renwick & Sands, the stone cutters, Messrs. Brown & Valentine, the mason, Mr. John French. The carpenter's contract has not yet been made, but there is little reason to doubt that the edifice will be ready for consecration in the month of October next.

The Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, D.D., the present Rector of St. Ann's, is one of the foremost men in the Ministry in the United States. Dr. Schenck is a native of Trenton, New Jersey, passed his collegiate course at Princeton, where he was a member of the American Whig Society, was afterward trained for the bar, and entered upon the practice of the profession in Cincinnati. In a short time, however, he abandoned the law, studied theology, took holy orders, and removed to Chicago, where he assumed the pastoral charge of Trinity Church and the editorial conduct of the *Western Churchman*. Having established a high reputation for zeal, erudition and piety in his new field of labor, he was soon called to Emmanuel Church, Baltimore, the leading Episcopal organization of that great city, whence in May, 1867, he came to St. Ann's, Brooklyn. The authorities of this church very graciously granted to Dr. Schenck the privilege of remaining in Europe while the new church building was in course of erection, and accordingly he went with his family in the summer of 1867 to the Continent, but returned himself and spent the greater part of the winter just passed in the discharge of his parochial duties. While in Europe last year he was the regular correspondent of the *Protestant* (Swissman), an Evangelical weekly paper of this city, of which he has been also editor-in-chief, and his letters attracted a large share of attention, both in England and America. Rev. Dr. Schenck is forty-two years of age. In person he is a man of commanding presence. As an elocutionist he has few equals, and since the death of the lamented Francis L. Hawks, there has probably been no such reader of the Service as he in the American Church. His style of preaching is *ex tempore* and yet not diffuse, exceedingly practical and yet not deficient in ornament, and uniformly fervid and forcible. His *Alma Mater* has always watched his course with affectionate interest, gave him the Doctorate, and brought him back to her academic shades in 1866 to address the Societies of the College, which he did in a discourse on "The Epochs of Transition," that was a valuable contribution to the literature of the country and the age. Rev. Dr. Schenck is a brother of the Hon. Mr. Schenck, of the House of Representatives, and brother-in-law of the Hon. George H. Pendleton, of Ohio. In the pastorate of St. Ann's he recognizes a great evangelical work to be accomplished, for which he left a large, opulent, and powerful parish in Baltimore, and for which we trust his life may long be spared to his church and his people.

Testimonial Service of Plate, by Ball, Black & Co., of New York City, Presented by the Employees of the California Overland Stage Line to Benjamin Holladay, Esq.

Messrs. BALL, BLACK & COMPANY, of this city, have just completed an elegant dinner-service, which is intended as a present from the employees of the California Overland Stage Line to Benjamin Holladay, Esq., on the occasion of his retirement from the active management of this great enterprise. This tribute of respect from those who best know the energy which Mr. Holladay exhibited in the organization of this transcontinental line, is well deserved, and is in every way creditable to the manufacturers, the donors and the recipient. Few men are so fortunate as Mr. Holladay has been in all of his efforts to open to the public a safe and expeditious means of communication with our Pacific possessions, and in no small degree should he be credited with that still more grand enterprise, the Pacific Railroad, now fast approaching completion, and which he has shown to be feasible and necessary, and in the building of which he has taken a prominent part.

The service is of massive silver, of fourteen pieces, costing the donors ten thousand dollars.

The Late George Hall, Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn.

The funeral of the late George Hall, Ex-Mayor of Brooklyn, who died on Thursday, April 16th, from an attack of pleurisy, was held at the late residence of the deceased, on Sunday, April 19th, and was the occasion of one of the largest assemblies ever witnessed in Brooklyn. The flags upon the City Hall were displayed at half-mast, and long before the hour of the services the dwelling was crowded to excess. All the neighboring streets were filled with spectators, and it is estimated that at least 10,000 persons were in the vicinity of the residence to pay their last respects to an influential and highly esteemed fellow-citizen.

The solemn services were commenced with prayer and reading of the Scriptures by the Rev. H. M. Gallagher, who, on account of the great pressure, had to stand on the stoop. Rev. Henry W. Beecher then stepped to the stoop and delivered one of his characteristic addresses, holding his entire audience spell-bound by the earnestness and eloquence of his remarks, and paying fitting compliments to the integrity and value of the deceased, manifested during a long life of public service and private benevolence.

When the address was concluded, the coffin, which was covered with wreaths, a cross and a crown formed of evergreens and immortelles, was closed and borne to the hearse, and then, followed by a long line of carriages and people, to the place of interment in Greenwood Cemetery.

Mr. Hall was nearly seventy years of age at the time of his death, and had been for many years closely identified with the temperance movement. He had held prominent positions in that organization, as well as under the city government. He was President of the village of Brooklyn at the time it was incorporated as a city, and became its first Mayor, discharging the duties of his office satisfactorily to both political parties. In 1854 the cities of Brooklyn and Williamsburgh were consolidated, and Mr. Hall was re-elected Mayor. In 1861 he was the Republican candidate for Register, but was defeated by a few votes. During the entire administration of his public trust, he proved himself one of the most benevolent and active men, and when the cholera was raging at its height his exertions for the relief of the afflicted gave a pleasing evidence of his disinterested kindness, and his great sympathy for the poor.

We are assured that the firm of Eastman & Kendall, 65 Hanover street, Boston, Mass., advertises in our columns, a trustworthy and reliable. For 10 cents they send a patent pen fountain, and a check describing an article to be sold for one dollar. Their club system of selling goods is becoming quite popular, particularly with the ladies. It is worthy of a trial.—*Buffalo Gazette.*

MRS. PAIGE'S New System for Instrumental and Vocal Music is attracting general attention from its simplicity. Parties interested should send for her circular. See advertisement.

Those who suffer from nervous irritations, itching uneasiness, and the discomfort that follows from an enfeebled and disordered state of the system, should take AYER'S SASSAPARILLA, and cleanse the blood. Purge out the lurking distemper that undermines the health, and the constitutional vigor will return.

S. T.--1860.--X.

"WITH FOUR METALLIC QUALIFICATIONS a man may be pretty sure of earthly success. These are GOLD in his pocket, SILVER in his tongue, BRASS in his face, and IRON in his heart."

But for a tonic appetizer, and as a gentle stimulant, there is a reliable virtue in

PLANTATION BITTERS.

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April 10, 1868.

658-62

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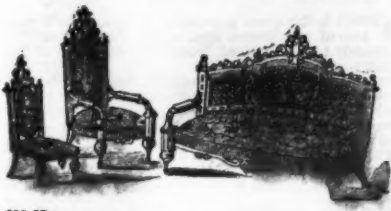
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